Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 25, 1969 50 CENTS

O.J. OFF AND RUNNING AGAINST THE LIONS





Illustration and copyright "The Last of the Clippers" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers

"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's bourgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.



Capt. Moodie commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...



CUTTY's jury rudder.

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet... and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING ...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted ...this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P & O steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first ...the rest, nowhere."

The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

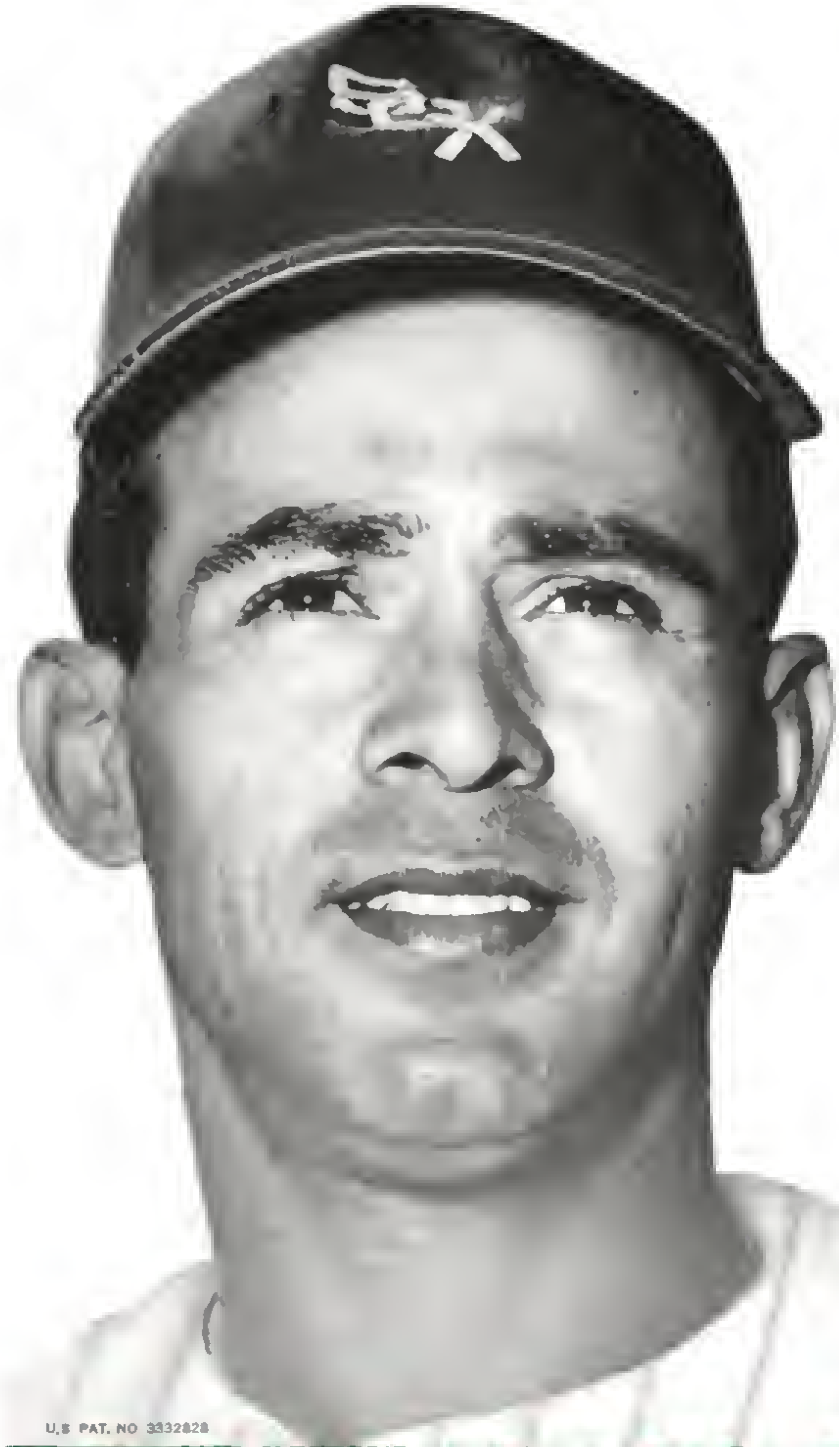
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"No bad hops on our Astro Turf"
...Luis Aparicio



Luis Aparicio is regarded by many baseball men as the finest defensive shortstop of all time. And he has first-hand knowledge of today's AstroTurf stadium surface because it was installed in the White Sox infield earlier this year.

Aparicio said, "There are no bad hops on our AstroTurf. Not only is every bounce true, but I believe you get more big hops than on regular turf. The ball gets to you quicker, but that doesn't bother me. I can judge the bounces easier because I can see the ball better on AstroTurf.

"I've had no trouble adjusting to the AstroTurf, because I've always fielded about 50 grounders before a game to see how the ball reacts. Even grass infields are all different."

Aparicio's comment on the variations in natural infields is well taken. Some are hard as rock. Others are kept soft and even mushy. So ball bounce and roll differ from infield to infield. AstroTurf can change all that—so that players can always deliver their best.

AstroTurf will help get more scoring into the game, too. Its bounce is somewhat faster than natural turf. As Luis puts it, "A few more hits go through on AstroTurf. I've probably had seven I would have got on regular grass. But some of this is balanced off the fact that there are more double plays made —which are thrills to watch. Anyhow, I'll take my chances on a little quicker fielding if I can pick up a few extra hits myself."

How does Luis sum up the future of baseball and AstroTurf? "Within ten years there will be synthetic turf in all the ball parks," he says.

For more information on how AstroTurf means better sports from the ground up, write Monsanto, Dept. 157-A, 800 N. Lindbergh Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.

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Next week

ARNIE IS 40 and, even worse, his hip hurts so much he can't play. A gallery of color photos, along with a touching tribute by Dan Jenkins, salute the glory days of Arnold Palmer.

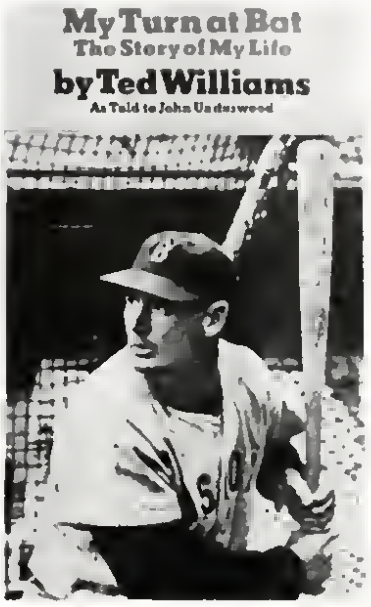
FOREST HILLS may never look the same—and thank goodness—once Tennis Promoter Owen Williams finishes sprucing up the old place for the U.S. Open. Kim Chapin describes the man.

A JERSEY MARSH is the apt meeting place for Hunter-Author Van Campen Heilner and Ezra Bowen, a novice nimrod who finds that his boyhood hero lives up to the dream.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There are certain appellations that any man would be proud to have after his name—millionaire, All-America, best-selling author—but they are out of reach for most of us. Not so with one of our senior editors, who, if he chose to be immodest, could legitimately label himself "John Underwood, best seller." Underwood (whose three-part series on coaches' problems with the Now generation starts on page 66) wrote *My Turn at Bat* with Ted Williams. Recently he was surprised and delighted when it reached eighth place on *The New York Times'* best-seller list. We were delighted (not surprised), inasmuch as the book is an expansion of an SI series that helped make the issues in which it appeared best sellers, too.



This is not exactly a new pattern for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Ever since 1955, when John Marquand's *Life at Happy Knoll* appeared, SI material has been popping onto the book market. The list now exceeds 90, and other books are in work—among them another Williams-Underwood collaboration on the art of hitting (which appeared as Part V of the original SI series); Robert Boyle's natural and unnatural history of the polluted Hudson River; and Jack Olsen's *Night of the Grizzlies*, an amplification of the dramatic *Grizzly Bear Murder Case* published in SI last May. Olsen's five 1968 articles, *The Black Athlete—a Shameful Story*, created a sociological storm both as a magazine series and in hard cover. His earlier *The Climb Up to Hell*, a detailed account of a tragic accident in the Alps, has been called one of the great true adventure stories of all time.

Incidentally, the figure 90 does not include a considerable number of books written by SI editors and writers in their spare time. Tex Maule has published novels, juveniles and volumes on pro football. Robert Creamer has several baseball books to his credit. Other notable examples include Olsen's chilling account of Nazi SS savagery in Italy, *Silence on Monte Sole*, and two novels by Edwin Shrake, *But Not for Love* and *Blessed McGill*. The latter will soon become a movie.

George Plimpton has already seen his *Paper Lion*, published originally by SI as *Zero of the Lions*, turned into a film hit. Plimpton's *The Bogey Man*, an account of his misadventures in golf which made *two* series for SI, also is Hollywood-bound. Harold Peterson's story of Buckskin Bill, *Last of the Mountain Men*, expanded into a book from the original SI article, has proved a *succès d'estime* this summer.

Some note should be made, too, of the many, many instructional books that have derived from our pages. More than 20 titles have been published by J. B. Lippincott as *The Sports Illustrated Library*. Golf books have ranged from Ben Hogan's *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf* to Dan Jenkins' *The Best 18 Golf Holes in America*.

In the future SI is going to be even more involved with books. We have just gone into a publishing venture with Little, Brown and plan to bring out a minimum of 10 sports titles in the first year. There will be expansions of SI articles and other works by both staff and outside writers. Meanwhile, as demonstrated by Underwood's well-researched and well-written series on the coaches' dilemma, we are not neglecting the magazine business.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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CH1

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CH2



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"Looks like an after-thought."
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"Stubby buggy."
"El Pig-O."

New York Magazine said: "And then there is the VW, which retains its value better than anything else. A 1956 VW is worth more today than any American sedan built the same year, with the possible exception of a Cadillac."

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A TRULY INTERNATIONAL ATLAS

A five-year publishing effort, *The International Atlas* by Rand McNally has been made possible through the cooperation of cartographers and geographers from all over the world Much of the text is printed in German, Spanish, and French as well as English. Scales have been simplified (only six basic scales are used so you can compare areas quickly and easily). All signs and symbols have been standardized and simplified.

In a fascinating introduction entitled "Patterns and Imprints of Mankind," Dr. Marvin W. Mikesell of the University of Chicago focuses on man's "humanizing of the world." A highly revealing account of man's ability to improve or destroy his habitat, Dr. Mikesell's 12,000 word text is a fitting accompaniment to this new Atlas

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SCORECARD

MOVE OVER

For the first time in its history the Big Ten has voted to make its stadiums available to pro football teams. This complete reversal of traditional Big Ten policy was sparked by the possibility of a baseball-football conflict in Minnesota and Chicago if the Twins and the Cubs make it into their league playoffs and the World Series. The game between the Minnesota Vikings and the Green Bay Packers on Oct. 5 can be shifted from Metropolitan Stadium (the Twins' home park) to the University of Minnesota's Memorial Stadium. And Northwestern University will let the Chicago Bears play a scheduled home game on Oct. 12 at Dyche Stadium in Evanston, if the Cubs are using Wrigley Field that weekend.

It isn't just altruism, however, that brought about the move: financially hard-pressed athletic departments can use that extra rent money. Similar arrangements may be made in other towns where conflicts could occur, since 16 of the 24 pro football teams share parks with major league baseball clubs.

AT THE KNEE OF THE BARBER

In his peak years with the Los Angeles Dodgers, Don Drysdale, who announced his retirement from baseball last week, was noted for his paradoxical control: very few walks but a disproportionate number of hit batsmen. (The cynical San Francisco Giants used to claim that Drysdale practiced shouting, "Oops!" so he would be ready when a pitch got away.) The genesis of this Drysdale pitching characteristic traces to Ebbets Field—Drysdale was the last of the old Brooklyn Dodgers still active—when Don was a 20-year-old rookie and a protégé of Sal (The Barber) Maglie, who at 39 was having one last burst of success with the Dodgers.

One day Willie Mays hit a home run off Drysdale. Next time Willie came to bat, Drysdale decked him, as pitchers will. Mays knew what was coming and was on his way down before the ball was halfway to the plate; and he bounced back up, ready to hit now that *that* was over, almost before the ball reached the catcher's glove. Drysdale then threw another duster and Willie, really surprised, went down the way he was supposed to—a startled look on his face, his bat flying one way, his cap another. This time he got back up more cautiously.

After the game a reporter asked Drysdale about that second brushback to Mays, wondering if for once a pitch really had got away. But Drysdale, with the honest innocence of youth, replied, "Sal says sometimes you have to throw at them twice."

GONE AND FORGOTTEN

In Green Bay, Wis. last week, half a dozen Lombardi Avenue street signs were covered over with bumper-type stickers reading "Hornung Drive."

REMEMBER PROPELLERS?

We take you back now to April 26, 1939, and there is German *Luftwaffe* pilot Fritz Wendel at the controls of his Messerschmidt ME-109R, zinging along at 469.22 mph to set a brand-new world speed record for piston-engine airplanes (which was the only kind they had in those days). Wendel thus superseded such notable American holders of the record as Billy Mitchell, Howard Hughes and Jimmy Doolittle. Then along came World War II and with it jets, and the old piston-drive record was all but forgotten—until last Saturday, when along came Darryl G. Greenamyer.

Greenamyer, 33-year-old test pilot and patriot, wanted the record back in the U.S., and to that end he showed up at Edwards Air Force Base in California with his 25-year-old Grumman F8F-2 Bearcat—and everybody has to admit you don't see many of those around anymore. Clocked by officials of the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale, he made four passes over a three-kilometer course, hit an official 483.041 mph and that was that. The trophy will now come to the U.S., which has been Greenamyer's goal for years, including last summer when in an earlier try he burned out a piston in the old Bearcat after hitting 489 mph.

Almost everyone present was delighted to see the 30-year-old record fall. Well, except perhaps Rolf Winter, sent over by the German magazine *Stern* to cover Greenamyer's attempt. "This," said Winter, "is going to be another sad day for Germany."

IN THE SPRING

Frank Kush is head football coach at Arizona State, but lately he has had this odd feeling that his main job is recruiting players for Baseball Coach Bob Winkles and, eventually, the major leagues.

Kush says, "We had a fellow named Reggie Jackson here on a football scholarship, and he had a great future as a defensive back. When I recruited him I mentioned baseball in passing. He went out, hit 15 homers his first varsity season and Charley Finley signed him for $100,000 plus.

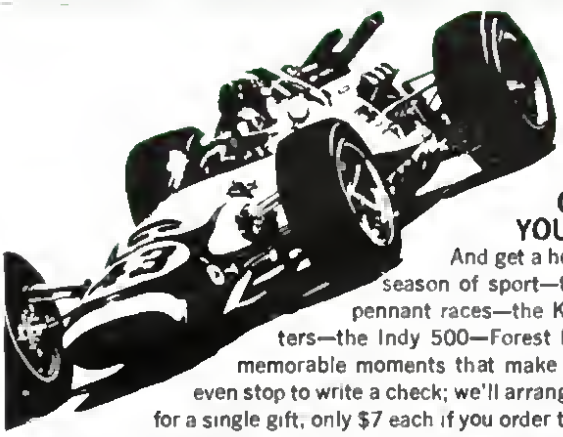


"Then we convinced Paul Ray Powell that his football future was at Arizona State. He came here and promptly became a starter in our defensive secondary. Being softhearted, I let him skip spring practice to help out in baseball last year, as a sophomore. He batted just under .300. Last fall in football he was a starter for us, and he led the nation in scoring by kicking. Baseball rolled around again. I let him play, and all he did was break five batting records, lead Arizona State to the national championship and become one of the first collegians picked in the baseball draft in

continued

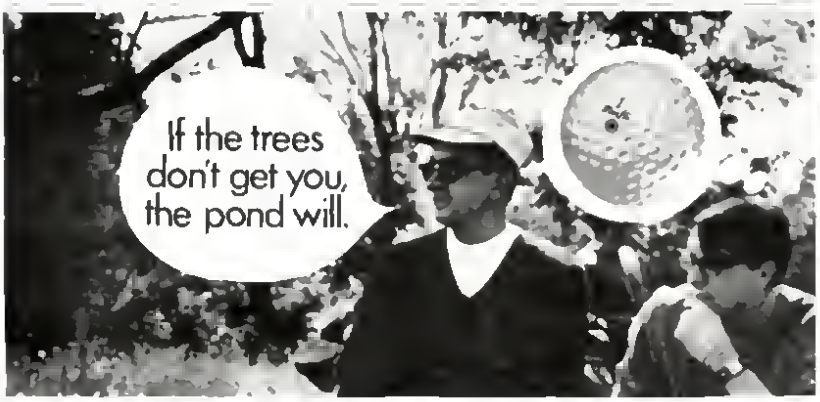
What's fair on the fairway?

There are enough hazards on any good course and the fairway should live up to its name, offering every player a good cushion for his ball wherever it lies. Windsor, the improved variety of Kentucky bluegrass, plays fair because it grows thicker and repairs itself faster. Developed by Scotts, the lawn people, Marysville, Ohio 43040.



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You'll never know how good you are until you play **Maxfli** DUNLOP

June. He signed with the Minnesota Twins for $45,000. And"—Kush brushed away a tear—"he still had a year of football eligibility left."

LONG SEASON

Here is another End of Civilization note. We do not have the results for you, thank goodness, but last Sunday—Aug. 17, that is—a snowmobile drag race was held at Raymonds Airport in Phillips, Me. Temperature was 78°.

FOR THE BIRDS

If there is anything an Englishman cherishes more than his dog or his pint of bitter, it is rare birds. The hobby, a small falcon that resembles to an extent the somewhat larger peregrine, is one of the smallest and rarest birds of prey and, like so many others, is threatened with extinction. Recently a nest of young hobbies was discovered right in the path of a £2 million pipeline being constructed by the Esso Company in Surrey, near London. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds appealed to Esso to hold up work on the pipeline until the young birds, which were nearing maturity, grew large enough to fly safely away. Esso, which maintains a bird sanctuary of its own at its huge £100 million plant near Southampton, was quick to comply.

The halt of two days until the hobbies upped and left cost Esso thousands of pounds and the highly skilled, highly paid workmen a loss in wages. But all parties seemed happy to have been able to save their hobbies.

OLD ROY

Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Astrodome man, testified before the Texas state senate the other day in opposition to a proposal to levy a 3.5% state tax on tickets to professional sports events. Hofheinz claimed that Texas now attracts $1.4 billion in tourist dollars from outside the state, compared to only $600 million before the Astrodome was completed. "To single out professional sports for new taxes, an industry that spends more each year than the state in promotion to attract tourists, doesn't make sense," Hofheinz argued. "Our team is only three games out of first place now, and this is the first time I have been able to say that this late in the season. It's been a long road. Had we been subjected to this proposed tax, there is not a single year in which we could have earned a

continued

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profit equal to the amount of the tax."

The committee before which Hofheinz testified had already voted to omit the admissions tax from the bill it was considering. But Hofheinz, a former member of the Texas house of representatives, was familiar with sudden, last-minute form reversals by legislatures (the tax could be restored by a conference committee) and he wanted to make his position absolutely clear. Except, perhaps, on the prospect of intrastate competition.

A Fort Worth legislator asked him, "Would you favor a major league team for Dallas-Fort Worth?"

Hofheinz, given credit by Dallas-Fort Worth people for the new major league franchises in San Diego and Montreal, fielded the hard-hit grounder smoothly.

"Senator," he answered, "when that comes up in a bill I'll come here to discuss *that*."

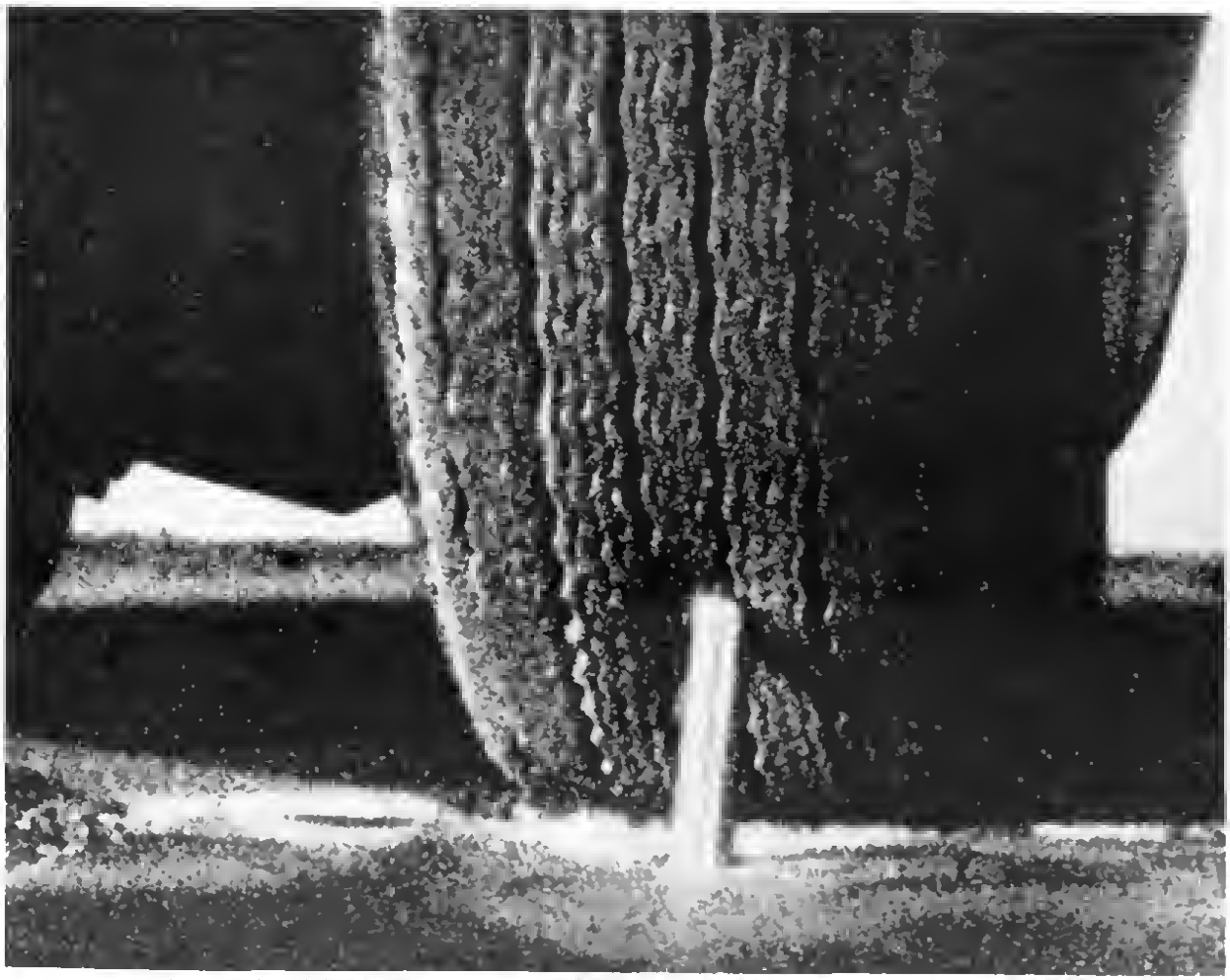
HOOPSTERESS

Last spring Franklin Mieuli of the San Francisco Warriors scored a publicity coup when he drafted a girl basketball player named Denise Long (SCORECARD, May 26) who had scored 111 points in one game. But, as Mieuli insisted at the time, it was not just a one-shot stunt to grab some headlines. Mieuli brought Denise from her native Iowa to San Francisco and, after the usual whirl of newspaper and TV interviews, had her work with Warrior players at a series of 30 clinics at local high schools. Now he has agreed to pay her tuition at the University of San Francisco for four years and has put her on the Warriors' payroll. Eventually, Mieuli insists, she will be the leading light of a four-team women's professional league and, indeed, more than 100 girls begin tryouts for the teams this month.

OH YOU SWEET

The Pirelli Tire Corporation ran a computerized Driver Personality Test at the New York Auto Show last April, in which a study was made of the relationship of traffic violations to drivers' personalities. A final report on the test, just released, says that contrary to popular opinion, alertness is not the most important factor in maintaining a safe driving record. Far more significant are mood, personal outlook and attitude. In other words, a courteous, considerate driver is a better safety bet than one with quick reflexes.

continued



Photograph made by a special high-speed camera [illegible]

This tire has 40,000 test miles on it.
But it can still survive this impact test.
The new Super Shell HP-40.
It can still take it when it's an old Super Shell HP-40.



SHELL

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.



Gilbey's Vodka

The report also says, rather airily, "Though men were quick to rate themselves better drivers than women, we found no difference overall—at least on the basis of our test sample." But there are differences in different age groups. Men between 16 and 25 and between 26 and 45 commit more traffic violations than women in the same age groups, but past the age of 45, women are the greater offenders. The report indicates that women over 45 tend to go to extremes (which is nothing a husband doesn't know). It says, "The woman over 45 who is a bad driver is a *very* bad driver (she has a greater number of violations), while the woman over 45 who is a good driver is a *very* good driver (she has fewer bad driving habits)."

Young men between 16 and 25 rate highest in alertness, lowest in mood and attitude and, predictably, have a large number of traffic violations. What will come as a surprise to fathers around the country is that the safest drivers are girls between 16 and 25. They had fewer traffic violations than any other age group, male or female.

Now, Daddy, about that convertible.

GOLFMANSHIP

The scene is the 14th green.

"What did you have?"

"I picked up. Give me an X."

"Hmmm. I had an X, too. But I get a stroke on the 14th, so I win the hole."

THEY SAID IT

• Tom Day, veteran defensive end for the Buffalo Bills, on playing football in the Astrodome: "I hate playing there. You can't dig in. You can't even spit. You remember you're inside on a rug, so you don't allow yourself to spit."

• Lindsey Nelson, TV sportscaster, after broadcasting the Browns-49ers game played on Astroturf: "It makes a better football game. The players I talked to were enthusiastic. The runners said they felt faster and the receivers said it was easier to make their cuts. From an announcer's standpoint it's simpler to identify players because uniforms stay clean."

• Bill Meek, Utah football coach, giving his players permission to ski: "I point out the beautiful mountains as part of my recruiting talk, so how can I tell them they can't use them once they sign up? Besides, I didn't have a guy hurt skiing last year, and I had three hurt in a pickup basketball game." **END**



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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 25, 1969

CONFIRMATION OF A HERO AT SARATOGA

The conqueror of Majestic Prince in the Belmont, Arts and Letters (No. 5) came charging through the field at the quarter pole to win the historic Travers Stakes and probable selection as Horse of the Year **by WHITNEY TOWER**



The day came up stifling and humid—83° under dark gray skies—with the threat of rain looming so close that it was easy to be nervous about the 100th running of the Travers. A crowd of 28,017 was streaming into the Saratoga track for the mile-and-a-quarter midsummer classic that prides itself on being the oldest stakes race in the U.S., and in the air of tension all around, the two trainers most involved were both looking at the sky—each for his own reason.

There was Lucien Laurin, the jolly French-Canadian former jockey, who would soon be saddling the colt Dike for the A.B. (Bull) Hancock Claiborne Farm. And there was 45-year-old Elliott Burch, handsome and serious, trainer of Paul Mellon's Arts and Letters, winner of the Belmont Stakes over Majestic Prince, and twice the perpetrator of a Belmont-Travers double, with Sword Dancer and Quadrangle.

Burch was so nervous that he ran himself in and out of his morning shower three times before settling down to suiting-up. Now he was both looking and praying—for the rain to stay away. Laurin, of course, was praying for the rain to come—right now. "I've got news for you," Laurin finally groaned. "That Elliott is the luckiest guy alive. Why, it's been raining cats and dogs in Albany for three hours and the damn stuff won't move the 30 miles north to give Dike a chance."

Dike supposedly moves up in the off going, and there was a rumor in Saratoga all through Travers week that Burch would decline to run Arts and Letters over anything but a fast track. But Burch had confided two days before the race, "I think we'll probably run no matter what the track is like. This colt is fit and ready and we want to run. We scratched from that race a few weeks ago at Monmouth Park [the Invitation]

continued





only because he hadn't run in nearly two months and we would have had to pack topweight of 128 pounds and give away lots of weight to some pretty good horses. I didn't think it was fair to try all this on an off track, so we didn't run." And with that, the trainers got set to go racing.

The rain held off—barely.

And Burch had his way, as Arts and Letters tied the track record of 2.01½—held by, among others, Buckpasser and Damascus—in winning the Travers by 6½ lengths over a dead-tired Dike. Thus, with Majestic Prince recovering in California from osselet troubles, a recuperative stretch that will no doubt keep him out of competition until next winter's Santa Anita season, Mellon's son of Ribot and the Battlefield mare All Beautiful stands alone at the moment as the 3-year-old champion. He also is the most improved and still-improving colt. If he can whip older horses in the weight-for-age Woodward on Sept. 27 he will have to be voted Horse of the Year. The only other serious candidate at the moment is the 4-year-old Nodouble, a likely Woodward nominee.

Few horses these days possess box-office appeal, but Arts and Letters is clearly one of them. Obviously, his tremendous losing duels with Majestic Prince in both the Kentucky Derby and Preakness had something to do with his current popularity, and certainly his victory in the Belmont, witnessed by a record crowd and seen on television by millions more, put him in the limelight to stay. Not since the days of Kelso, and before that Native Dancer, has the Saratoga paddock been as jammed as it was on race day when Arts and Letters brought up the rear of the five-horse post parade prior to the Travers.

Then, at the start, Gleaming Light and Hydrologist cut out the early pace, with Distray in third position. Jockey Braulio Baeza snugged his liver-colored chestnut into the fourth spot, and sat there waiting to strike. Dike—as is his custom—dropped way out of it for the first part of the Travers, and at one point along the backstretch trailed the leaders by nearly 10 lengths. Still, one sensed even then that the race belonged to Mellon's gray-and-yellow silks—and shortly after Arts and Letters left the half-mile pole one knew it for a fact.

With the wonderfully smooth, rhythmic strides that often distinguish a great horse from a good one, Arts and Letters began eating up his field. The enthusiastic crowd leaped up, and its cheers rolled in one loud wave across the lush infield, for just as Arts and Letters made his move so did the other chestnut, the last-place Dike. Surely the race would now be between these two, and surely the only question was: Would it really be a good race after all?

It would be. Turning for home and aiming for the quarter pole, Hydrologist now had half a length on Gleaming Light, and as Distray dropped back here thundered Arts and Letters outside three horses. Dike, on the outside of all of them, was roaring, too—and for an instant he was in the battle, drawing to within three-quarters of a length of Arts and Letters as the son of Ribot forged to the front. And that was the end of it for Dike, a colt who had been trained for a mile race in Chicago only to remain in Saratoga in the faint hope that Arts and Letters—for one reason or another—might be withdrawn from the Travers.

Nearing the eighth pole with a two-length lead, Baeza tapped Arts once and the horse spread-eagled his field and won as he pleased. Even so, Trainer Burch said of his 1-to-5 winner: "I've seen him sharper. The heat dulled him a bit and, like the rest of us here at Saratoga this summer, he's come up with a lot of mosquito bites."

And Laurin, who did not get the rain he had prayed for, looked at Dike walking off and said glumly, "I don't think we will chase Arts and Letters again. It's off to Chicago for us."

Naturally, Arts and Letters will now be more of a hero than ever before. Rightly so. He has won six of his 12 starts this season and eight of 18 lifetime races to compile earnings of $436,572. This does not make him a Dr. Fager yet—or even a Buckpasser—but there is no telling what he might do over the remainder of this season and in 1970 against a handicap division that looks to be anything but strong. Burch, who admits the difficulty of judging or comparing horses of different generations, has more regard for Arts and Letters' ability than he had for Sword Dancer's. "This colt does things with more éclat than Sword Dancer, who never pulverized his field the way this one does," he says.

Burch is not reluctant to reminisce about the classics and believes that with a break or two along the way Arts and Letters might well have won the Triple Crown. "Taking nothing away from Majestic Prince," he says, "I feel that had Baeza ever ridden the colt before, he wouldn't have been beaten a neck in the Derby. And that bumping in the Preakness didn't help much either. Even at that we only got beaten a head."

The next meeting of 1969's great rivals may well come on Jan. 31 in the mile-and-a-quarter Charles Strub Stakes at Santa Anita. Noting the tremendous improvement in the form of Arts and Letters since he managed only two victories in six starts as a 2-year-old, many horsemen are wondering out loud why such an internationally-minded sportsman as Paul Mellon wouldn't point his champion toward a world classic like France's Arc de Triomphe.

"This year," says Burch, "it will be the Woodward and maybe Jockey Club Gold Cup and that's all. Next year we may try him on grass, but as far as the Arc is concerned Paul Mellon has 15 flat horses in England with Ian Balding and it would be more logical to pick one of those 15 instead of sending a colt from here into a situation where you are handicapped by the conditions of the race and problems of acclimatization."

Mellon confirms: "There is always a 'might' as far as the Arc is concerned for an American-trained horse of mine. But to aim for it properly you would probably have to go over there in June and skip all the summer and fall races at home. You can lose a lot of money that way."

Losing money does not happen to be Rokeby Stable's bag this year. Mellon and Burch undoubtedly have put together the best-balanced stable in the U.S. This fall when the Mellon 2-year-olds get into serious competition at Belmont and Aqueduct, they surely will not all be winners. But primarily they will be trained for next year's classics. "Our whole plan," says Burch, "is *not* to overrace at 2, so we'll have good prospects at 3, 4 and even 5. If you get greedy you'll have no horse. Greed does not pay."

And with that, after the 100th Travers at Saratoga, it rained. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

Arts and Letters drew a huge pre-race crowd beneath Saratoga's historic elms (above). After it was all over, sternly satisfied Owner Paul Mellon watched the replay on television.



Simpson works out on the Exergenie on his first day in the Bills' camp. He is wearing 36 since a teammate already had 32, his old USC number.

THE FIRST TASTE OF O.J. IS OK

Signed and sealed, Simpson delivered himself to Buffalo, "the Miami of the North," and though he was sore and unsure in the Bills' 24–12 loss to Detroit, he showed he may indeed be worth $350,000

by EDWIN SHRAKE

At first glance a visitor might think the town of Niagara Falls is on fire. Chemical plants pour smoke over the landscape as though honeymooners had requested perpetual darkness. As O.J. Simpson (*see cover*) trudged across the campus of Niagara University toward the dining hall for breakfast on his second morning in the training camp of the Buffalo Bills, after the soreness had set in, he gazed at the pall that hung among the buildings like a late rising fog. "I guess they want me to feel at home," he said, smiling.

Although Simpson had been Buffalo's first draft choice, Buffalo had certainly not been his. He is having a home built for himself, his wife and daughter up in Coldwater Canyon, in Los Angeles, and O.J. had wished that he could have played for some team in the neighborhood. He used to drive an RC Cola truck in that area and thoroughly understands the distance he has come.

"The house is above the smog line," O.J. said in that oddly matter-of-fact way in which Los Angelenos speak of their orange air. "It's going to have a big pool. Soon as I get home, I'll buy myself one of those float-em deals and just lie on it in that pool until next July or whenever I have to report back to Buffalo. Man, I don't mean to put down Buffalo, but when you got California in your blood, it's there, and you have a hard time being happy anywhere else."

Simpson was walking like an old man. He clutched the backs of his thighs, tottered about, seeming almost decrepit and clearly watching for a place to sit. In two more days he would play against the Detroit Lions in his first pro football game. No doubt it was unreasonable to expect him to perform with anything like the genius he had shown at USC. But genius was expected of Simpson, nevertheless, and he knew it although he did not hope for much. He had not carried the ball in seven months, was still confused by his assignments and his legs felt strange and powerless, as if the muscles had been replaced with sponge cake.

"I'm sore," he said. "I'm as stiff as I ever care to be. My legs hurt all up and down and especially right here"—he jabbed fingers into the sides of his shin bones. "My timing is poor. All the working out I've done until the last few days was running track. In track I'm a long strider. But in football it's quick cut, quick cut! Now my mind says cut, and my body cuts, but my legs are still in the middle of a long stride and I nearly fall down."

Moving his tray along the aluminum rails of the cafeteria line, he took a bowl

of oatmeal and two glasses of tomato juice. The woman behind the counter said the orange juice was gone but she would get more. "Don't worry about it," said O.J. He lowered himself into a chair. "I know a lot of the basic plays we're going to use," he said, "but it's the six or seven variations of each play that mess me up. It's hard to guess what might happen. But I'm glad this thing is settled. There's been so much to think about, and I've got to start concentrating on football. Man, playing pro football is what I've always wanted to do, and now I'm getting ready to do it."

The night before, he had stood on a chair and sung his school song (*Fight On*) at dinner, a traditional form of rookie hazing, and then had spent hours studying his playbook. "Pro football is about what I had thought it would be," he said. "Maybe it's a little easier. In college it's go-go-go, football all the time. Here it's a little more relaxed, an easier pace. But I have to do a lot of studying, and I didn't get much sleep last night. There was a bunch of horsing around in the dorm."

Simpson's celebrated contract dispute with the Bills, who won the right to draft him by losing 12 of 14 games last year, was concluded just six days before O.J. was to lope onto the field in Detroit. Buffalo had lost to the Houston Oilers and beaten the Washington Redskins before Simpson, his agent and his attorney went to the San Diego law office of Don Augustine, who was representing Bills Owner Ralph Wilson. Chuck Barnes, Simpson's agent, had demanded far more money and benefits than Wilson was willing to provide. It appeared Simpson might get no nearer a pro football game this season than a seat in the stands unless he was hired to talk about it into a microphone.

In the San Diego meeting, Augustine recalls, the Simpson forces tossed onto his desk a lawsuit they were considering filing against Commissioner Pete Rozelle, the Bills, Wilson and the other 25 owners. The suit asked for "a very substantial amount of damages" because the draft had restricted Simpson to dealing with one club that would neither pay what he wanted nor move to the West Coast. Until recently, Augustine represented the AFL Players' Association, and he had filed similar suits for his own clients. "I asked them if they wanted me to pull some out of a

continued



Publicity conscious O.J. cheerfully allows a photographer to give him pivot and stiff-arm tips



In the traditional rookie ceremony, Simpson belts out "Fight On," the USC school song

drawer," he said. "The last suit like it took eight years to reach the Supreme Court. Even if O.J. won, he would be a forgotten man."

Augustine said he tried to convince Simpson and his advisers that if their intention was for O.J. to be rich, his wealth would come not from what Wilson paid him but from what he earned trading on his reputation as an athlete. For examples he used Jack Kemp, Lance Alworth, and Joe Namath, who, he says, are well along toward becoming millionaires, and Arnold Palmer, who, of course, is one. What Simpson had done at USC got him a $250,000 contract to promote Chevrolets, and it was questionable whether General Motors would maintain its interest if O.J. were no longer a headliner. "Sports is the means to an end," said Augustine, referring to money as the All-America End.

So Simpson agreed to a four-year contract for about $350,000 plus an annuity when he reaches age 50, and he flew off to Buffalo with no small amount of anxiety. O.J. feared he might be greeted with flying beer cans for his well-publicized lack of affection for a town he had never seen. Instead he was met at the airport by an amiable crowd of 2,500, received a kiss from a beauty queen and a handshake from the mayor. "I've been trying to get here for six months," Simpson told the adoring multitude. Later he said he wished he had worn his souvenir button—one that Indiana fans had printed up before the 1968 Rose Bowl reading O.J. WHO? "My wife's been saying that thing, and this would have been the time for it," he said.

Throughout the welcoming ceremony O.J. kept smiling, nodding, waving, shaking hands, signing autographs. He managed to convey the impression that if he had been given his choice of being anywhere in the world that afternoon he would have selected Buffalo International Airport. Then Jack Horrigan, a Bills vice-president, got Simpson into a car for the drive to camp. "You'd think we just won a championship," Horrigan said of the crowd. O.J. smiled, but his eyes never quit moving, he was trying to see what sort of place he had delivered himself into.

Many of the players were surprised when they first saw Simpson in person. They knew he was 6' 2" and weighed about 210, but somehow he didn't look that big. Because of his extraordinary accomplishments at USC, they expected a giant. "He's smaller than I thought," said Elbert Dubenion, a Buffalo scout who was known as Golden Wheels when he played flanker for the Bills. "I guess when he puts on his helmet he'll be 6' 2", and when he scores his first touchdown he'll be 6' 3"."

Putting on a helmet was not as simple as had been anticipated. Simpson is quite handsome, but his head is rather uniquely shaped—tall from the ears to the crown, elongated from front to rear. The Bills wear a suspension helmet that when solidly struck jams down onto the bridge of the nose and often gives offensive linemen bloody cuts. On O.J., that type of a helmet jammed him in the middle of his forehead. The Bills asked USC for O.J.'s old padded helmet, which arrived along with a $22 shipping charge, and had another size eight padded helmet made in St. Louis. "I hate for him to wear a helmet with no suspension," said Buffalo Trainer Eddie Ahramoski. "When you get your bell rung in this kind of helmet, it rings all the way around your head. But the way O.J. runs, he's not likely to get a solid shot on the head." Said General Manager Bob Lustig, "We'll get him any kind of helmet he wants. All he has to do is keep moving it in the right direction."

Simpson is an intelligent young man and was very much alert to the fact that he and his contract might be resented by his teammates. "That's my theme song," he said one day as "What does it take to win your love?" blared from a portable radio. He handled the first potential trouble in a manner that was a classic in public relations. Gary McDermott, a second-year back from Tulsa, was wearing 32, the number Simpson bore at USC and that Jim Brown had worn at Cleveland—but O.J. said that was fine by him. "It's irrelevant what number I wear," he said. Little Max Anderson, another second-year back who is called Mini-Max, has been the starter at O.J.'s position, and Simpson approached him with respect and sought his advice. "I'm not bitter about Simpson being here," Anderson said after several days of this treatment. "He's a nice guy. I can't hate him just because he's a great football player. I'll play my share and he'll play his, and the team will be better off for it."



"O.J. is well-schooled," said Defensive End Tom Day, who had announced he would perform a Bills ritual by shaving Simpson's head once the famous rookie officially made the team. "Otherwise, he's like any rookie—a little cocky but a little shy. I think I'll just cut an O and a J in his hair, but he has so many movie and TV contracts coming up that we may hold off for awhile. Wouldn't want to ruin the boy."

There was speculation whether Buffalo Coach John Rauch would run Simpson 30 or 40 times a game—O.J.'s normal work load in college. "That's not my style," said Rauch. "I couldn't build my offense around one back, no matter how good he is. It's too easy for the pros to set up defensive keys. O.J. can be a terrific pass receiver, and we expect him to block, too."

Said Quarterback Jack Kemp, "I just don't think you could run a back 30 times a game consistently in pro football. The best runner I ever played with as a pro was Paul Lowe at San Diego. We'd run him 15 or 18 times and count on him break ng loose once or twice. O.J. will probably run outside more than inside, and of course we'll use him in the passing game."

Meanwhile, interest was building in O.J.'s debut. It was estimated that hav-



Turning on his 9.4 speed, Simpson reaches out to haul in a pass from rookie Quarterback Jim Harris [illegible] the [illegible] Bills touchdown

ing Simpson on the field meant an extra 10,000 customers in Detroit. A game that would otherwise have held little fascination was getting national attention. And O.J. Simpson, who was so sore he could barely get his shoes on, was still preoccupied with thoughts of Buffalo, a town he hadn't yet seen. A booster had told him that Buffalo was "the Miami of the North," but O.J. suspected this was not an entirely accurate description. "I guess in the winter, when it snows, you people stay inside all the time," he said to a secretary in the Bills' office. Why, she said, hadn't he ever been in the snow? "I've been in the snow," he said. "In and out. Quick."

When at last his first professional game began, O.J. Simpson was sitting on the bench, where he stayed for nearly six minutes until Rauch sent him in with a play for Quarterback Tom Flores. There was a mild titter of recognition from the crowd of 34,206 as Simpson, wearing No. 36, lined up at running back. The play was called 94 Corner, Flare 7. Simpson ran a pattern to the left flag, and Wide Receiver Haven Moses ran the same pattern to the right flag. Both were open. "I could have hit either one," said Flores, who threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to Moses.

Simpson didn't return until early in the fourth quarter, and by then he was nervous. "I wasn't scared until I was put in so quick, but after that I was wondering when I would go back," he said. In the third quarter a chant of "We want O.J." came from the deep centerfield bleachers, the worst seats in the house, which had probably been sold because of Simpson, but Anderson was running very well. O.J. came in when Buffalo had the ball on its own 28, tried a dive into left guard, was hit by Linebacker Mike Lucci as he took his first step and gained a yard. He got up slowly, as is his fashion.

Simpson played most of the rest of the game, running pass patterns but looking in vain for the ball. He ran a pitchout for one yard. The crowd was restless, even though Detroit was ahead 17-6. Then O.J. showed the fans what they had come to see. On a sweep to the right he seemed to remember how it was he used to do it, darting through a small opening for 14 yards. "He boomed right by me," said Buffalo Guard George Hunt. Simpson ran another sweep to the opposite side for no gain. Rookie Quarterback Jim Harris from Grambling called a pass, Simpson loafed along as if decoying, turned on his 9.4 speed and made a stretching catch for 38 yards. Two plays later O.J. blocked a blitzing linebacker—the first block of his pro career—and Harris threw a touchdown pass to another Buffalo All-America rookie, Fullback Bill Enyart of Oregon State.

Detroit won the game, 24-12, as yet another rookie, the Lions' Altie Taylor of Utah State, ran 48 yards for a touchdown. But in the Buffalo locker room there was a shortage of mourning. It was, after all, an exhibition, and Wilson was grinning delightedly, as though whatever he had paid for Simpson had been worth it. "It's never good to lose," said O.J., "but I'm glad I've got a game behind me." He smiled when his block was mentioned. "Earlier they reddogged and I didn't pick it up," he said. "But I got that second one. I'm learning." Had he been bothered by the pressure of public expectation? "Publicity creates pressure," he said. "But publicity is good for the team and good for the league, and what's good for them is good for me."

Leaving the field, O.J. had been swarmed by fans. They knocked down an assistant coach who was trying to protect him. Leaving the locker room, Simpson was surrounded by security police. The crowd mashed around him, shouting his name, trying to touch him. And this was only the beginning. **END**

GOLF GETS A LOOK AT THE REAL WORLD

Ray Floyd won the PGA title at Dayton last week, but the hottest action of the tournament took place in the third round when poverty protesters invaded the insulated life of the touring pro

by DAN JENKINS

The national PGA championship is a major sporting event that usually is played in comparative secrecy each year, its winner accustomed to taking his place in fame alongside the pie-baking champion of your suburban neighborhood. Although the PGA is one of golf's big four tournaments, and certainly the one with the toughest field, the average fan can come closer to naming the greats of pinball than he can the last five men who have won it. No one knows exactly why this is so, except that it gave up its one distinctive feature, match play, a few years ago, and then rattled around on a few dog courses for a while. This was pretty much the spirit in which a lot of people gathered in Dayton last week. Would the event have changed by some happy accident, or would the historic old National Cash Register Country Club give us Rick Jetter nipping Stan Thirsk on the last nine Sunday afternoon? Would this finally be a PGA to be remembered, or would we go on yearning for those marvelous days of Nelson vs. Snead, one on one?

It would get itself remembered, all right. It would be remembered best as the tournament that furnished the inspiration for the bullet-proof Alpaca, the new MacGregor repeating four-iron, the Foot Joy sprinter, a shoe guaranteed to get you around the course faster than any other, and a new golfing vernacular: a man played a hole, everyone laughed, by hitting a driver, a spoon and a demonstrator.

More importantly, of course, the PGA would be remembered as the tournament that let golf in on what's going on out there in the real world, which is that there are these huge numbers of individuals who aren't terribly concerned whether Frank Beard and Dave Hill can find peace and happiness on only $150,000 a year, whether Arnold Palmer can pilot his jet after an 82, or whether the new champion, Raymond Floyd, being big, handsome, swinging and single, gives added hope to all watchers of the dating game.





Target for the demonstrators was South African Gary Player, who had a program thrown at him and a cup of ice tossed into his face before

The golling Establishment's reaction to Saturday's disruption of play, which almost turned Jack Nicklaus into a chain smoker and Gary Player into a member of CORE, was predictably amusing. As disturbances go these days it was strictly minor league and totally inept. You could have found a better protest in a number of Dayton restaurants when the check came. But everybody said boy they've done it now, those shaggy-haired pigs. It wasn't so bad when they just shot people, burned down cities and tore up universities. Now the lazy, dope-crazed, oversexed Communist Nazi, welfare medicare hippie treasonous Red Chinese spies have picked on golf.

What happened was, Gary Player got a rolled-up program thrown at him, a cup of ice tossed at him and a golf ball hurled out onto the green by a girl while he lined up a putt. Jack Nicklaus, meanwhile, had a big guy come out of the crowd and onto a green and start toward his ball, which in turn made Jack draw back the putter as if he were offering a new tip—always hold the club high when swinging at a demonstrator. And everybody went crazy for a moment or two with shouts of "Club 'em, kill the pigs," meaning the hecklers. It was not what anyone particularly wanted to have happen in a championship, of course, since Player and Nicklaus were at the time trying very hard to catch Raymond Floyd. But then again, anyone who had ever played much golf on a municipal course would have known that these were normal hazards.

There had been threats of protest all week because there were these groups in Dayton, it seems, who felt that too much money and man power were going into the PGA effort and not enough into a poverty program. But the busloads of protesters never showed up, and the few who did often got lectured by officials and pros driving to the course every morning in courtesy cars.

"If you're so hungry, why are you so fat?" one pro asked a man holding a picket sign one morning.

"Ever thought about gettin' a job?" another pro said.

Maybe it was this atmosphere that put everybody in a testy mood all week and had the tournament sounding like an episode from *As the World Turns* even before the big incident on Saturday. It seemed like every day everybody was gossipy and picky. First, Dave Hill expressed a distaste for Frank Beard's attitude toward the game. He thought he understood Beard, the leading money winner, to say that golf was work and no fun, whereupon Hill told Beard off in local print, and Frank responded with "I guess neither one of us has learned how to handle success."

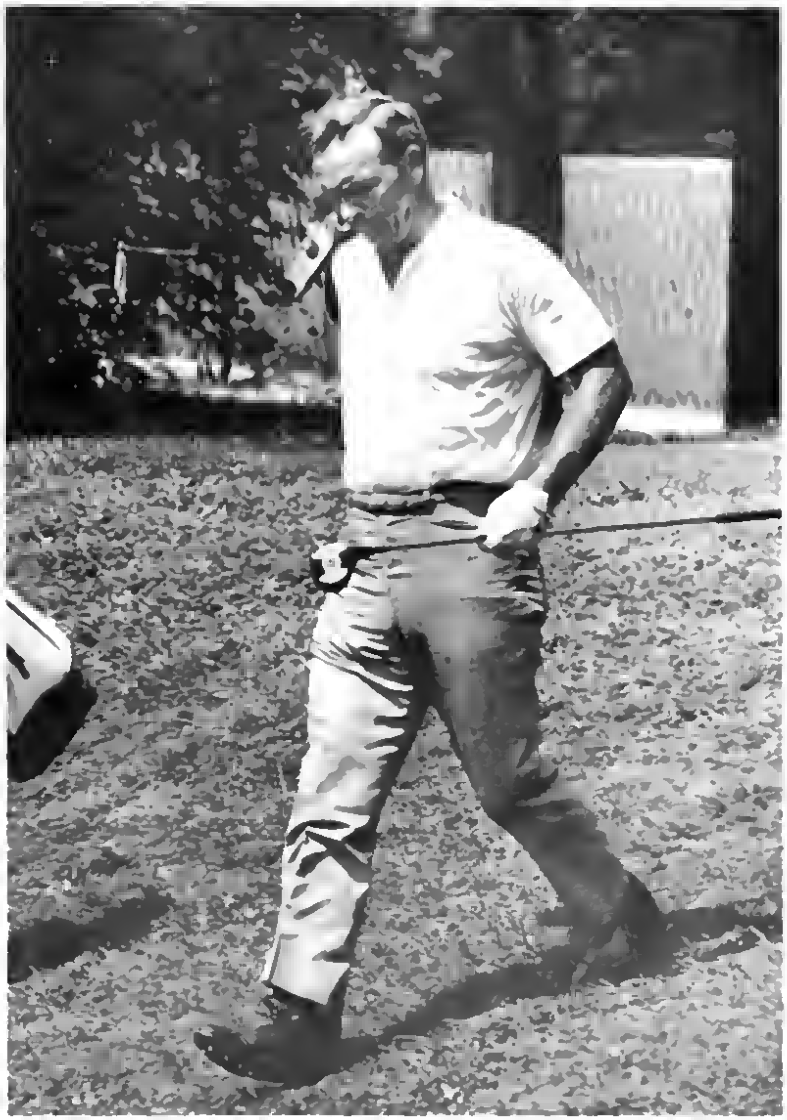
Then it was Tom Weiskopf's turn. Weiskopf is from Ohio and was supposed to be at home, but he turned off the press one day and they got even quickly. WEISKOPF CURT WITH WRITERS a headline said, and behold, a photo of him throwing a club, which in turn got him a private lecture from Joe Dey. Tom said the paper put him right out of the tournament. "I saw that picture, and I knew I'd shoot 76," he said, after shooting 76.

Now here came Raymond Floyd long before he had his first major championship won. He'd just shot a 66 to open up a lead through 36 holes, but he crawled all over poor old Jim Ferrier, who had played with agonizing slowness. "The guy's nerves are gone and he shouldn't be out here," said Raymond, whose nerves, at 26, are solid, who owns a piece in some racehorses, once had a piece of a nightclub and who likes his flown-in ladies. A healthy American youth, we call it. Raymond later apologized and that was proper, for Floyd is

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authorities took over. Later, as he was putting, a girl hurled a golf ball onto the green. She was removed and Player made a birdie anyway.



Bothered by a painful right hip and his 82 round, Palmer withdrew from the tournament.

a good guy with the powerful game and personality to be a big star.

In the midst of all this, Arnold Palmer, after giving up cigarettes again, shot that 82 and completed his fifth straight year without winning one of the major titles—a PGA, a U.S. Open, a Masters or a British Open—and also failed to make the Ryder Cup team for the first time since 1961. He piled into his plane with Winnie and said he was going to rest and get competitive before he came back out. "You gave up smoking and golf the same week," a friend said, and Arnold, taking leave, managed to laugh. This was the first indication that the Big Three—remember them?—would finally take a dive in Dayton. It had been 12 years, going back to 1957, since neither Palmer, Nicklaus nor Gary Player—at least one of them—had not captured one of the major championships. Player made the only serious run at Floyd but came up one stroke short, a stroke that might be found somewhere in Saturday's embattled round.

"That was the toughest round I've ever played," Gary said after the experience with the hecklers. "I honestly thought I might get shot because of South Africa. It was unbelievably difficult to concentrate out there." Player said, loud and clear, "I'm no racist. I want everybody to understand that I love all people—white, black, yellow."

The fact of the matter is, the disruption was very real to Player and Nicklaus, who are accustomed only to applause and adoration and who hear nothing while making a shot except their own breathing.

"My hands were quivering," said Jack. "I didn't know what the hell to think. I just wanted off the golf course, that's all. It took me a little longer to get off than I would have preferred," he smiled, referring to the triple-bogey 7 he made at the 18th Saturday, which eliminated him from serious contention. When everyone decided they might as well have chuckled over the thing, some of the players began to reflect on the events of the week and they decided how they would handle the next protest: just turn them over to Hill, Weiskopf and Floyd.

For a while, the golf course itself was as big a joke as anything. The NCR course is lovely, with hills and trees and excellent bent greens and a variety of doglegs, and before the championship got under way the pros raved about it. That was the tip-off. When a pro starts talking about how good a course is, he's liable to level it. And after the opening round, when nine guys tied for the lead at 69, some of whose names—Mowry, Ziegler, Shaw—gave it the look of a satellite tournament, they did just that. Player shot a 65 with two bogeys, and then along came Don Bies who shot a 64 with a double bogey. A day later Miller Barber had the decency to shoot a 64 *without* a bogey. There were scads of 66s and 67s along the way and the question arose as to whether a course was suited for a major championship, if all anyone did was score touchdowns.

"You keep thinking this is a hell of a course but there are guys out there under par that they ought to throw a net around," Jackie Burke said. The explanation had to be that the course was soft, the greens held every kind of shot, and it played fairly short.

Nobody destroyed it more than Raymond Floyd for the first three rounds. He kept the driver in his hand while others were laying up and shot 69, 66, 67 and said, "I'm playing good, I've got confidence, and that's a pretty good combination. I don't see how I can lose."

No one else could, either. Floyd was having his year. He had won at Jacksonville and Akron, and he had always

continued


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been a tough front-runner. He has the capacity to hit it crooked, but he was pumped up, and he's a good putter. Maybe he was at last fulfilling the great promise he had shown when he first came out on the tour.

For a while he had probably been too much of a playboy hotshot with what the pros call a Miami attitude. He had been a duck hooker once, but he had never lost his aggressiveness or his length and he was still a high hitter, which suited the NCR's softness last week. He has become a bit more serious this year about his golf, at least he didn't laugh too much last week when a friend said that if he kept on winning he'd have to become known as Causeway Raymond, for Florida, as compared to Broadway Joe for that other swinging bachelor in sports.

The new PGA champion is a sports nut, so incurable a Chicago Cub fan that he sometimes wears a Cub warm-up jacket on airplanes and often works out with the team. On the tour he chums around with Bob Roshurg, Phil Rodgers and Ken Still, the other sports nuts. "Cub Power" is one of their favorite expressions. He spends his money and takes his pals along, and he says he sure would like to have his own plane if he could keep on winning.

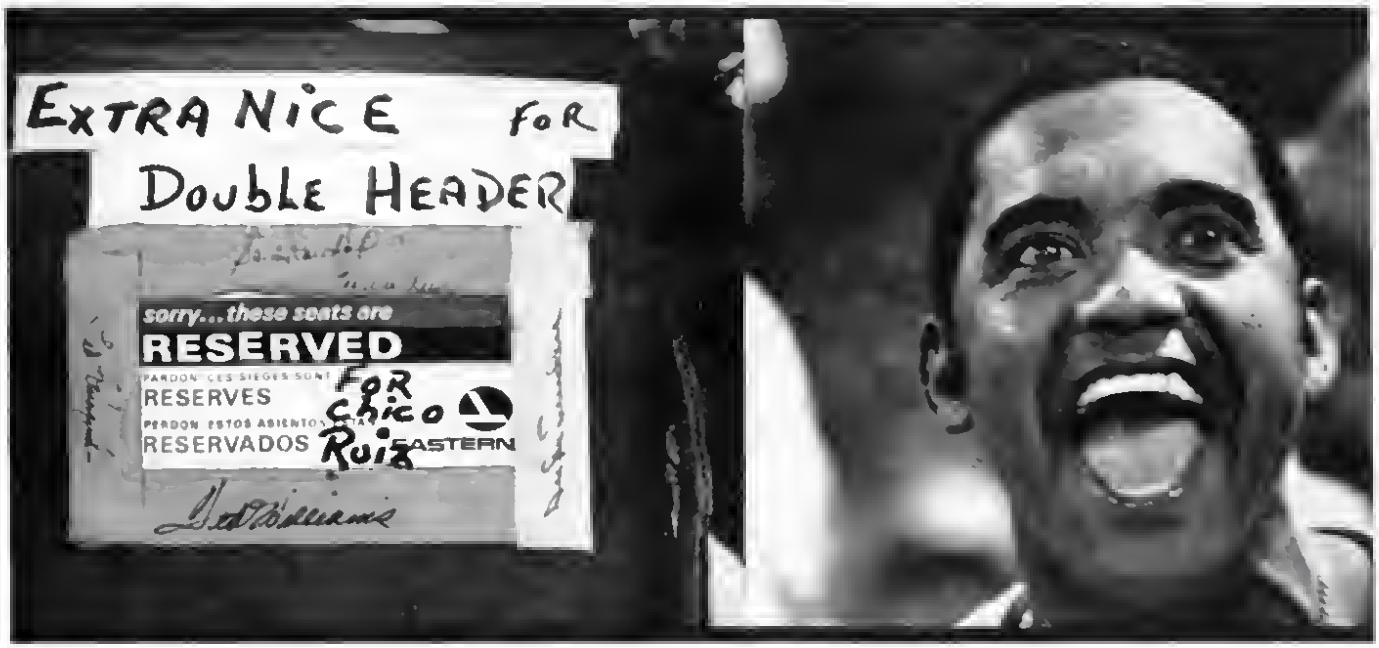
For a while Sunday, with an awful lot of uniforms and guns around to see that any further demonstrations would be promptly handled, Floyd seemed to be trying to give back the championship he had practically locked up through 54 holes with a five-shot lead. Nobody really ran at him, but he dropped a couple of shots to par and this kept Player trying and inspired Bert Greene hanging in there. It seemed as if Floyd just might blow if he dribbled away very many more shots. This was sort of the year of the blowup, anyhow. Didn't Bill Casper let the Masters slide away and didn't Miller Barber shuck the Open?

When Floyd and Player reached the 16th green, there was, in fact, just a stroke separating them as Raymond had drifted to three over on the round and Gary was one under. Here, Floyd dropped a 40-foot birdie, however, while Player missed a six-footer for a par, and that was that. Raymond wasn't about to fritter away three strokes on just two holes, even though Player did get two of them back with his birdie-par finish to Floyd's cozy par-bogey for a 74 and 276. For a tournament that had experienced so much, it probably couldn't have taken much more than Raymond Floyd winning the championship by casually tapping in a three-inch putt.

It ended then like most of the recent PGAs before it have ended, quietly, with a young man taking his first major championship. But, for an entirely different reason, this one made the front page and everything that went on in Dayton last week wasn't a secret in the ghettos. END



Although he had lost by a stroke, Player (right) was in a more jovial mood Sunday as he offered his congratulations to Raymond Floyd



Chico Ruiz has not started a game for the Cincinnati Reds in six weeks now, and he has come to the dugout prepared. In one hand is a cushion, for the bench and what it will meet; in the other a glove, for infield practice. Under an arm are a pair of special spiked shoes, soft alligator spikes that make Chico's feet feel so comfortable as he sits on the bench. It is already very warm in Crosley Field, and if it gets much worse Chico will go back into the clubhouse and get the battery-driven fan the people in St. Louis gave him. Those people were very thoughtful, St Louis can be murder in August, sitting in the dugout.

Dumping his equipment on the bench, Chico ambles down to the watercooler. On the way back he glances at the lineup card taped to the dugout wall, and suddenly Chico cannot believe his big brown eyes. There it is, so simply, yet so unexpectedly, in small block letters printed by Manager Dave Bristol· before ARRIGO, 1, and after HELMS, 4, the card says, RUIZ, 6.

He swallows hard. It has been a long time and maybe he has forgotten how it feels to face the same pitcher more than once. In the sixth, though, with the Reds down 1–0, it is Ruiz who gets a hit against the San Francisco Giants—a two-strike, bad-ball, wrong-field double off the mighty Juan Marichal. And then he scores the first run in a game the Reds are to win 4–3. But such moments are rare, for Ruiz is a hardcore substitute He is, in fact, the prototype substitute. Chico has played first base, second, third and shortstop, left field, center and right. He is, in the lexicon of the game, a utility man, and, indeed, he perfectly suits the dictionary definition of *utility*· "the quality or state of being useful; usefulness." Or, to take the definition a step further, Ruiz possesses, like the phone company (sometimes), "power to satisfy human wants."

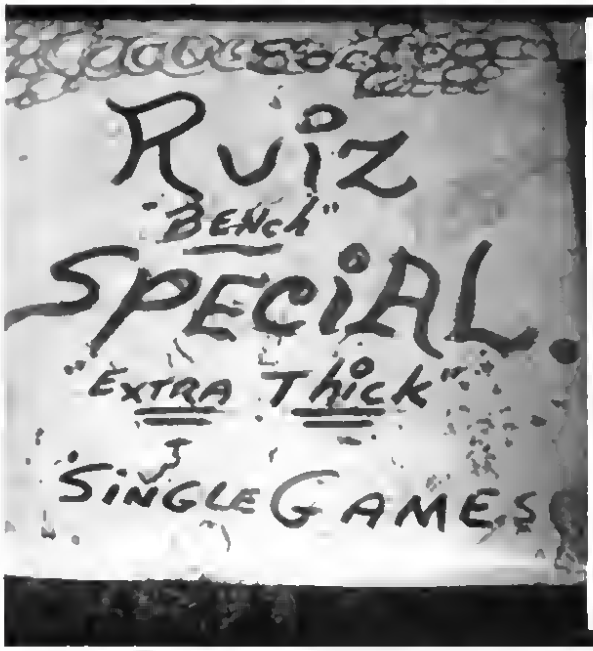
Certainly, these are the best of times for the Ruiz types The logistics of modern baseball—schedule, travel, expansion—have made the versatile subs more in demand than ever They are especially valuable in the midsummer months, when so many young stars are required to attend two weeks of reserve military training. With one thing or another, the Reds have had to start Chico this year more than ever before.

Still, whether it is soldiering, sickness or slumps that gets Ruiz into the lineup, he has never been able sufficiently to satisfy the human wants of any of his Cincinnati managers—Dick Sisler, Don Heffner or Dave Bristol—to stay in the lineup Chico has been sitting on the bench now for five years

He is, of course, not alone in this occupation. Except for a couple of seasons when he did play regularly, Ducky Schofield of Boston has been a part-timer in the majors for 15 years. Others in the elite of the utility include players like Dick Tracewski of Detroit, Chico Salmon of Baltimore, Jose Pagan of Pittsburgh, Jerry Adair of Kansas City, Tom Satriano of Boston and Frank Quilici of Minnesota. Go to the park early and you will not need a program to identify players like these. Utility men are easily distinguishable because they always take batting practice first and then scatter to various parts of the field to run down balls hit by the regulars.

After a game, if they are on the road, the utility men often go out together. They have learned to enjoy each other's company, for they know each other very well—all the strong points and weak ones, the prides, prejudices and hangups. Sit on the bench with a guy for seven months and you get to know him better than if you are playing next to him.

Utility players also often learn more about the game than do the regulars who have to concentrate on playing their own position. Considering, as well, that the subs naturally tend to be tolerant of others with limited talent, it is perhaps not surprising that a good number of them finally beat out the regulars at something—making manager. Gene Mauch, Ralph Houk, Dick Williams and Joe Schultz are present managers among the many who graduated from the bench. If you do not get to see your favorite journeyman emerge from the shadows of the dugout this season, come back in a



THE BOTTOM PART OF THE LINEUP

The compleat utility man, Chico Ruiz of the Reds has special cushions, an electric fan, alligator shoes and other dugout comforts that help to make sitting a more bearable way to earn a pension

by GARY RONBERG

decade or so and you may find him in the spotlight, carrying lineup cards to the plate and escorting pitchers from the mound.

Virtually all substitutes will admit that warming a bench in a professional manner was hardly what they had in mind when they set out in baseball to make fortune and fame. Some are, in fact, bitter about their experience. A few somehow remain indifferent to it all, but most of them soon become realistic about their status and even learn to accept it with humor. When Al Spangler of the Cubs cost his team a game a couple of years ago by dropping a relatively easy pop fly, he apologized afterward to Manager Leo Durocher. "I'm sorry, Leo," he said, "but it's this glove. I've been trying to break it in for 10 years."

"I got used to not playing pretty early," Spangler says easily. "You have to or you won't be around very long. You've got to keep yourself in a good frame of mind. If you're lucky, the manager or some of the coaches will help you out because *somebody* has to make you feel as important as the starters; you can't do it all yourself."

"The first day I feel unwanted, I quit," says Jimmy Stewart of Cincinnati. "If I ever get the idea they just want me to stay down there at the end of the bench, out of everybody's way, I'll be looking for a new job the next day. But Bristol's done a good job on this club. He talks to us a lot; he seems to sense how lonely you can feel sometimes."

"It comes on as you get older," says Jim Hickman of the Chicago Cubs. "Every day you have to prepare yourself to play even though you know you probably won't. You've got to run and stay in shape, but at the same time you've got to pick your spots. If you work too hard one day you might come to the park all stiff and sore the next day—and that's the day they'll want you to play."

"What hurts more than anything," says Stewart, "is to get a chance and blow it. I worry about that all the time. Whenever they do send you up there to hit it's *man, we really gotta have a hit.* So maybe you pop up. Well, you just want to lay down and die because you know you might not get another chance for four or five days."

"The hardest thing," says Tracewski, "is playing defense and knowing you just can't make an error. A few years ago I was with the Dodgers and we were always in the pennant race. I'd go in about the eighth or ninth and it seemed like we were always one run ahead or one run behind. Then they'd get a couple runners on and you'd know you just *had* to have the double play and you're scared you'd blow it. After not playing in two or three games you were almost afraid to go in."

"I have a tendency to get down on myself," says Hickman. "I wish I played more; I even wish now I'd taught myself how to switch-hit, like our shortstop, Don Kessinger. Switch-hitting saved Don's career. But it's too late for that; I've talked to Don and he says it takes about three years to perfect it. I'm 32 now, and if I play three or four more years I'll be lucky. I'll just have to do the best with what I've got." Hickman chuckled. "I guess that's why I get down on myself, I look and see what I've got and I ain't got too much."

With his own limited abilities, Hiraldo Sablon Ruiz is now working on his sixth year in the major league's munificent pension plan. At least you gain equal credit for that, playing or sitting. A round-faced sprite with shiny white teeth and a very large smile, Chico is a switch-hitting (.238 lifetime) Cuban who put in time in places like Geneva and Visalia and San Diego, where he now lives. He is a comic, liable to enter an airplane playing his guitar—favoring *Day O*—and he enjoys practical jokes. One time he sliced Pitcher George Culver's sports jacket into shreds and then sewed it back together loosely so that it fell apart as soon as Culver put it on.

Several years ago he spent the season pasting large stars to the dugout roof—one for every game he failed to start. Considering how many there were, the place must have looked like the Hayden Planetarium. Last season he spent his time on the bench fashioning a huge ball out

continued

of gum wrappers that he found on the floor.

A few years ago a jeweler Ruiz knew fell into debt and Chico loaned him $500. When it came time for Ruiz to leave for spring training, the jeweler did not have enough ready cash, so he gave Chico some watches, rings and necklaces instead. Ruiz at first planned to sell them, but before long the financial advantages of holding a few raffles changed his mind. Now, whenever the Reds open a new series and Ruiz appears in the dugout, somebody from the other side inevitably will yell, "Hey, Chico, what are you raffling off today?"

Not too long ago the Reds were on a big winning streak. They had been winning, in fact, ever since Bristol—who refuses to walk under ladders—had chosen to dress out in the clubhouse, leaving his personal manager's office vacant. By the time the Reds reached Los Angeles, Ruiz had moved into the office lock, stock and beer cooler. Naturally, he played the role to the ultimate calling in a player here, another there, for private, closed-door discussions. When the writers came into the clubhouse after a game, Ruiz invited them into his office where he offered them sandwiches and beer. "Well," he'd sigh, slumped in a chair behind the desk, "that was sure a tough one tonight. Why I am in this business, I will never know." And, of course, he expounded philosophically on the advantages of playing them one at a time.

Ruiz grew up in Santo Domingo, Cuba, where his father operated a cigar factory. The elder Ruiz had hopes his son would work in the factory, learn it from the floor up and someday take over. Chico, however, was not anxious to work in a factory of any kind—even if his father ran it—and after high school he entered college to study architecture. He completed three years at a Cuban college, concentrating on residential housing, and he would like to go on for his degree at some U.S. university.

Baseball, of course, has a monopoly on his time right now—and he particularly enjoys playing for Bristol, a former utility man, who uses him more than Heffner or Sisler did. "Bristol is my overtaker," Chico likes to say. "He took me out of the grave and started to play me."

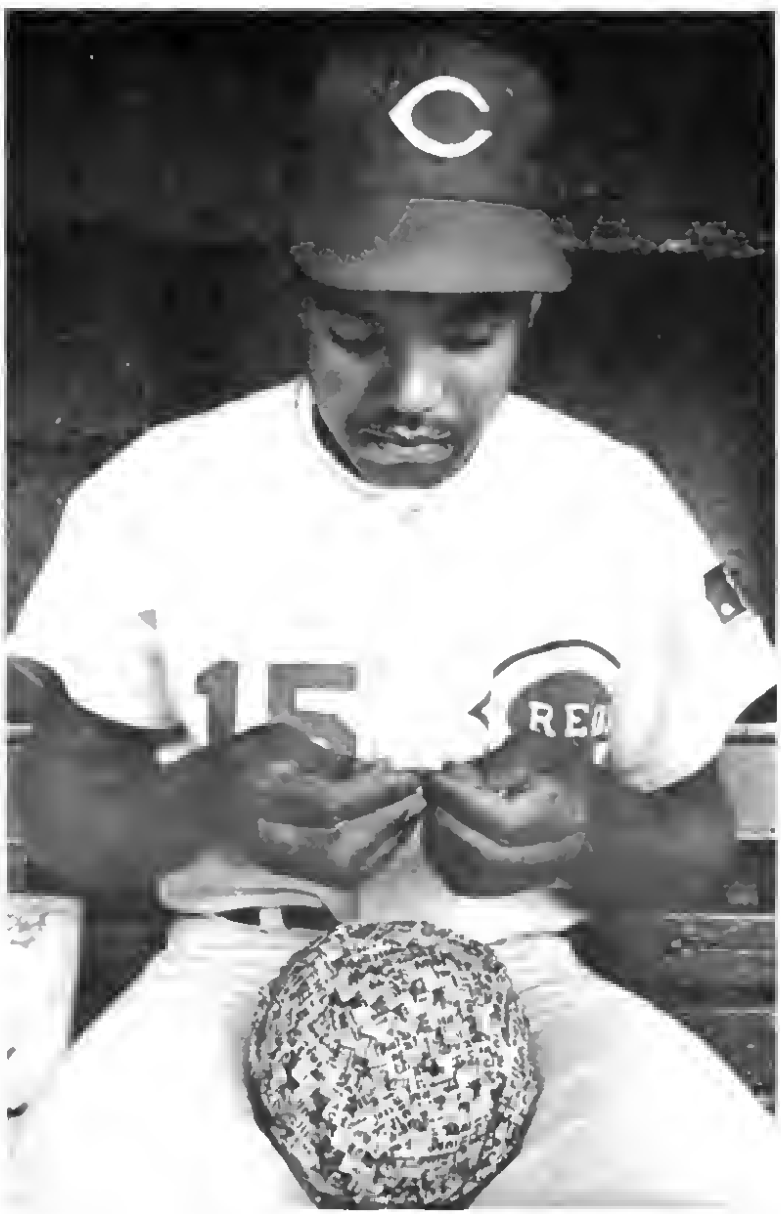
Ruiz believes, however, that by learning so many positions he actually created a permanent place on the bench for himself. "Because I am so versatile," he says, "a manager would just as soon leave me there, too—until he sees how the game goes and can fit me into the situation. If I were a manager, I would probably play me the same way."

Ruiz points out that while the ability to play various positions enhances one's chances of getting in a game, it also increases the margin of error. "An outfielder, all he has to do before a game is go out and shag a few fly balls," says Ruiz. "He checks the wind, the background and warms up his arm. But me, I have got to go out to third and short and pick up some grounders. Then I have to move over to second, 'cause the ball comes at you different over there. If I get a chance, I grab a first baseman's glove and take a few throws—and I really will not feel ready unless I catch a few flies in the outfield, too."

But when the game begins, Ruiz is on his cushion on the bench. Early this year Chico's wife Isabel brought their

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WHILING AWAY THE INNINGS, CHICO KNITS HIS BALL OF CHEWING-GUM WRAPPERS

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two little girls out to Crosley Field. After all, even though they might not see their father play, they could at least see him in his uniform and snappy red socks. It was game time when Mrs. Ruiz walked into the park and sat down behind home plate. She immediately peered into the Cincinnati dugout looking for Chico, but he was nowhere to be seen. A few minutes passed and Mrs. Ruiz began to wonder if something had happened to him on his way to the park. Maybe he was in the clubhouse, ill, or in a hospital. Then, at last, a helpful visitor pointed out where Chico was. "Somebody had to show her I was out at shortstop," Ruiz says. "She never thought to look for me out on the field."

Another time last year Ruiz had been playing much more than usual. Two, three, four games went by, and he started every one of them. So between innings during the next game he trotted off the field, slammed his glove to the floor in disgust and marched up to Bristol. "Look," he snapped, "I have had this playing regular up to here. I am sick and tired of it. Either bench me or trade me!"

"The kid is great to have on this club," Bristol says. "I'm not afraid to put him in anywhere, and he keeps everybody loose. And, do you know, every time I do put him in it seems like the first ball is hit to him—no matter where he's playing. It's almost as if they're testing him."

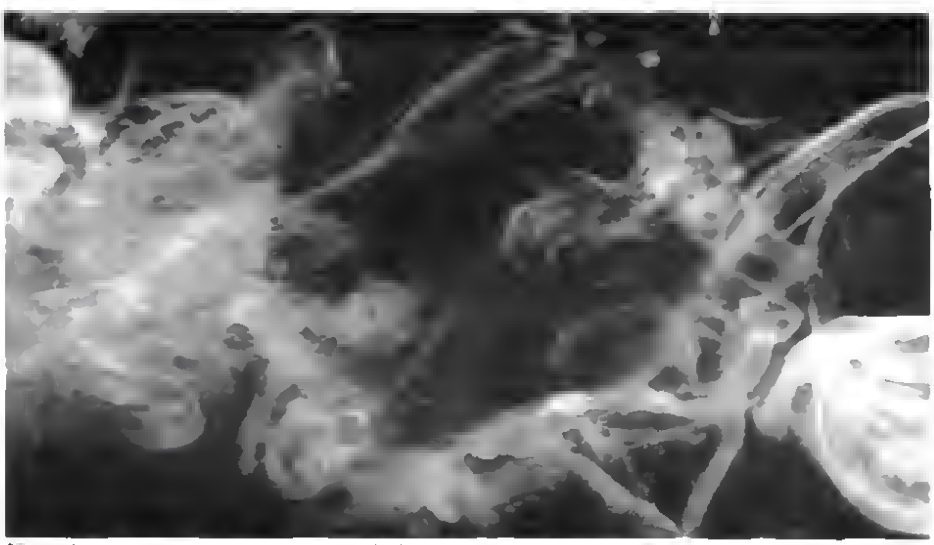
Chico says he is always among the last Reds to sign his contract each year because the front office does not appreciate him to the extent it should. But, even though he has to battle for every penny, Ruiz works hard at keeping a good attitude. "That is why I do the crazy little things I do," he says. "I do not pull for guys to do bad so that I get a chance to play. I have been lucky, for I have always been with a contender. If the regulars do good, then we win. If we win the pennant, then I get an equal share, just like everybody else. I hope everybody hits .400 with 100 home runs.

"I keep telling myself that everything works out for the best. Sure I sit on the bench a lot—but I can name a few guys like me who sat around for a long time, and when they got a chance to play regular they played themselves right out of the big leagues. Ernie Bowman of the Giants was one of those guys."

Chico Ruiz will be 31 in December, and one night in Houston not long ago he sat in Bristol's office. The door was closed. Chico had a roast beef on rye in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other, and his elbows were resting on his knees. He was not kidding around, for he was talking about how time was running out on him. "No matter what they tell you, every ballplayer wants to play regular. They want to be out on the field, not on the bench. The one thing I hope for is that someday I can prove to myself that I was good enough to play regular in the big leagues. If the chance comes and I blow it—well, I can always say I was a pretty good utility player. But if that chance never comes, it will hurt. It will hurt very much." **END**

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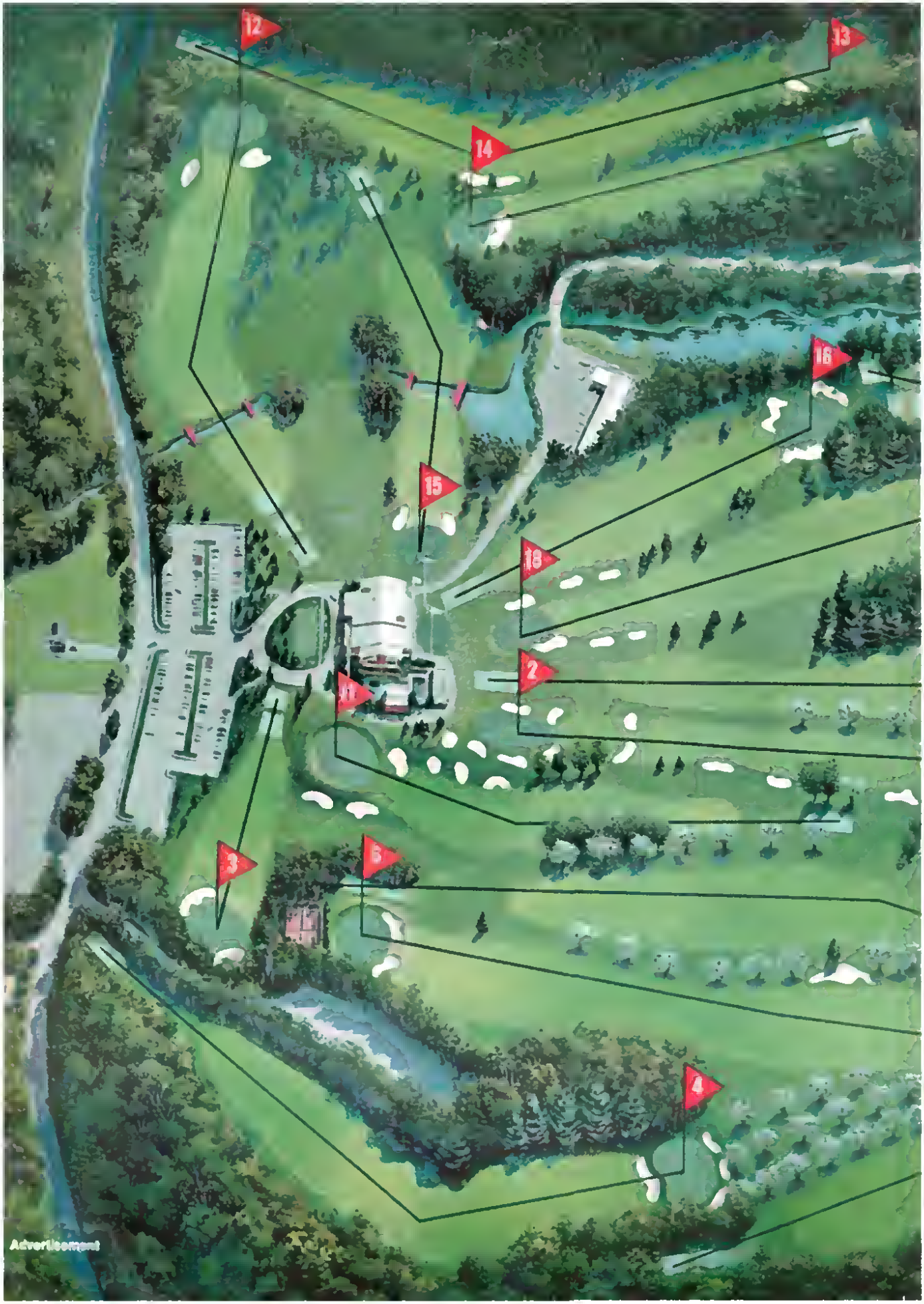
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A TV viewer's guide to the final 4 holes of the Avco Classic

by Arnold Palmer
Saturday & Sunday
August 23rd and 24th
on the NBC Television Network
Check your local newspaper
for time and channel

15 When I won the tournement at Pleasant Valley last September, I felt es though I understood the subtleties end the feelings of that golf course almost as well es the architect who designed it. Pleasant Valley is a long and treacherous course with perheps more dogleg holes than any course we pley on tour all season. There are tall trees end gaping sand traps everywhere, and the greens ere so big end so undulating thet three-putts will be the rule—not the exception. I won there last year with e 72-hole score of 276—12 strokes under per. I feel certain that eny player who shoots 276 this year will win the Avco Classic. In fact, I will take a 276 and not leave the clubhouse—except for the presentation ceremonies on Sunday.

The 341-yerd, per-four 15th hole is typicel Pleesent Valley. The tee is elevated, so is the green. The feirway really is a canyon. It slopes steeply for about 200 yerds until it reaches e ball-swallowing legoon. Then it resumes across the lagoon and turns abruptly to the right, moving up e steep incline to the well-trepped, plateaued green. It is a difficult hole to walk es well as a difficult hole to pley.

The trick at 15 is to avoid the canyon and the legoon streight-aheed and, instead, try to hit your tee shot over the trees in the right rough and back into the fairway short of the green. Of course, a mis-hit drive will land in the trees or the rough or the water or maybe even out-of-bounds, but that is why the 15th hole is called 'The Gembler's Choice'.

Some of the longer hitters may drive this green. The players who don't will find themselves confronted with a tricky uphill epproach to a feirly flat green. This will be a good birdie hole for players who successfully negotiate the dogleg with their drives. It might be disaster, however, for those who don't.

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15
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16 I think the 16th hole, a 183-yard par three from a slightly-elevated tee to a kidney-shaped green, is a perfect example of the subtle terror that Pleasant Valley manages to conceal so well. What I mean is this: The 16th hole does not play as easy as it looks. Unfortunately, all golfers learn this too late—after they have made a bogey or even a double bogey.

Standing on the tee, the player stares down at an enormous green with a nice uphill pitch. Simple. No problem, he thinks, so he takes out a three or a four iron. Now he remembers that a new Continental Mark III will be awarded to any player who makes a hole-in-one on this 'easy' hole. Hmmm. And so he tries to hit his ball into the hole.

Problem! The ball lands in one of the three sand traps around the green or, even worse, settles in the thick, wire-like, ankle-deep rough around the fringes. The thought of a hole-in-one and riding home in that new Continental Mark III is only a bad memory now, and the thought of making par really is only a delusion. They call this hole 'Down to Earth'. When I first played the 16th I thought it was so-named because of the fact that it was a downhill hole. Now I know the real meaning of 'Down to Earth'.

You must hit your tee shot on this hole into the center of the green. The 16th green penalizes players who attempt to become too precise with their tee shots. The green slopes away towards the traps and that perilous rough, and balls hit away from the middle of the green will roll into trouble. The green itself is very undulating, and most rounds the pin will be placed near severe rises or depressions—making all putts very risky business. The player who shoots par on this hole for four rounds will beat the field.

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16

17 Let's see. Whet do I like ebout the 17th hole at Pleasant Valley? Oh, the lily pond there in front of the tee is very picturesque. The birches and maples and oaks out there off the fairwey provide e beautiful rainbow effect and turn one's thoughts to poetry. And that lake in front of the green, with the trees hanging over its right side, would make e perfect postcerd photograph. Thet's whal I like about the 17th hole.

Here is what I don't like: The 17th, a 402-yard par four with water and trees and more weter end more trees, is the most demanding hole on the golf course. It doglegs to the right out about 215 yerds, but the driving erea is not wider than 20 yards. The approach shol must carry thal scenic lake in front of the green. The pin will be tucked just over tha water or right under the trees, so many shots never will reach the green. They call this hole 'The Equalizer', and it is here et the 17th thal Pleasant Velley gets even with the golfers.

The basic problem will be the tee shot; that is, plecing it in position to hit an approech for the green. The seriousness of this problem will depend upon the placement of the tee markers each day. If the merkers are set up front on the right, then wa will have to pley this hole with e four wood or e one or two iron. If the markers are sel back on the left, we will be able to hit our drivers—provided, of course, that we cen control them well enough to evoid the trees on boih sides of Ihe fairways.

The tee shot must remain in the fairway—preferably in the left side, just where the hole begins to turn right towerds the green. If the drive rolls through the fairway, it will stop in the side of a hill, end the stances we will essume on that hill will be rether hilarious. For the spectators, that is—not the players.

The best tee shot will be a slight fede aimed at the second birch tree on the player's left as he looks out from the tee. On Ihe 17th hole, the best lee shot really is the only tee shot. When hitting to the 17th green the player must remember that it is more important to be someplace on Ihe green rather then someplece in the weter or the trees

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17
overlooment

18 When I sit back and start to consider the 18th holes of golf courses on which I have won tournaments, I always place the 18th at Pleasent Vallay right up there among the finest finishing holes in golf. I feal strongly that an 18th hola must be e very fair golf hole. It must not favor the long hitter rethar than the short hitter, for instance, and it must not be a so-called 'birdie hole' The 18th at Pleasant Velley certainly is an equal-opportunity hole

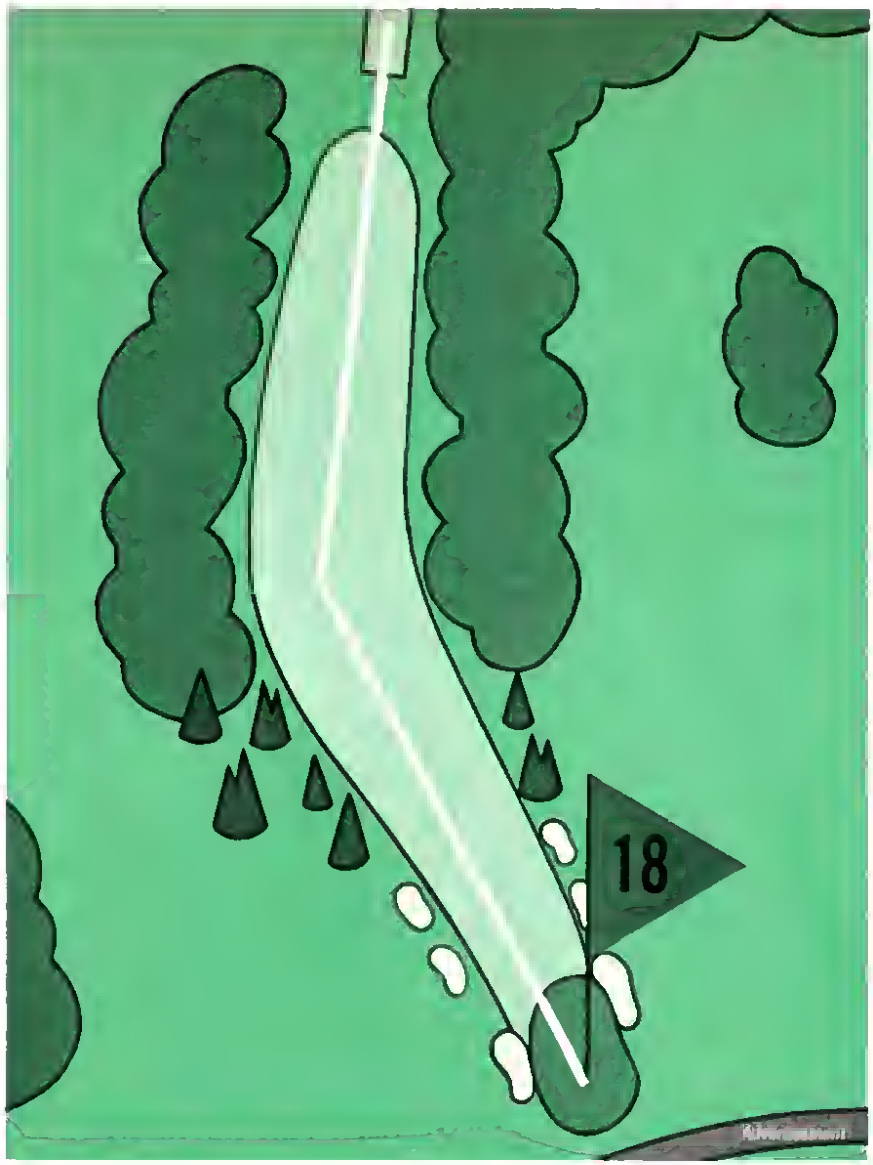
It is a 583-yard par five with trees forming a straightawey chute for the first 300 yards bafora the fairway turns left and moves uphill for the final 283 yards. Very few players will raach this green with their second shot The green is the longesl on the course—more than 100 faet from front to back—and is shaped like a keyhola

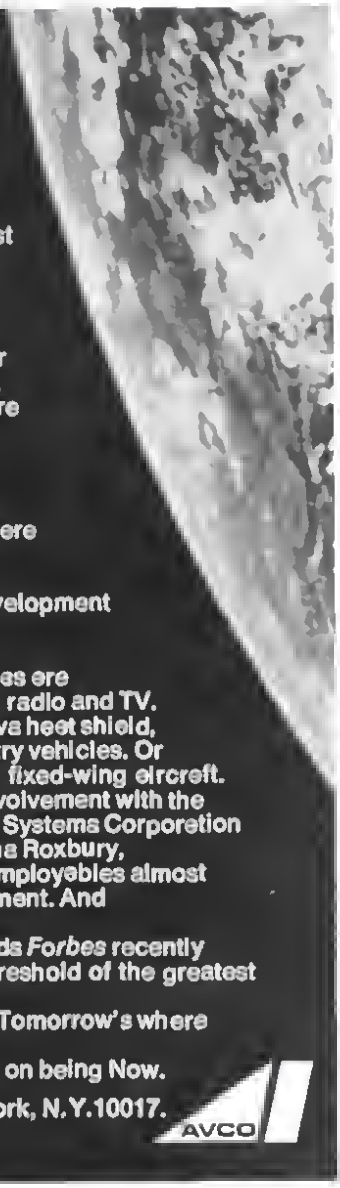
Also, the green is an optical illusion. There is e humpback about 10 feet into the green, and when a player looks at the grean from 75 or 100 yards away as ha prepares to play his third-shot approach, he thinks tha pin is much closar to the front then it actually is. Consaquently, he oftantimes finds himself with a 60-or 70-foot putt for his birdie four. (P.S. That hump also conceals a sand trap to the left of the narrowast part of the green. Last year I hit my third shot on the 72nd—and last—hole into that trap.)

The drive on the 18th is not a real problem. The driving aree is fairly wide but the trees and the thick rough will catch some errant shots. The second shot should land enywhere in the fairway in front of the green. The fairway slopes down end to the right, so the tricky epproach must be made from a tricky lie. The hidden trap on the left and the obvious trap to the right of the green will do considarable business for four days next week.

The green is extremaly long and has severe undulations. This is one par-five that is not a birdia hole Ralher fittingly, f think, they call the 18th hole 'Survival of tha Fittest'.

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18



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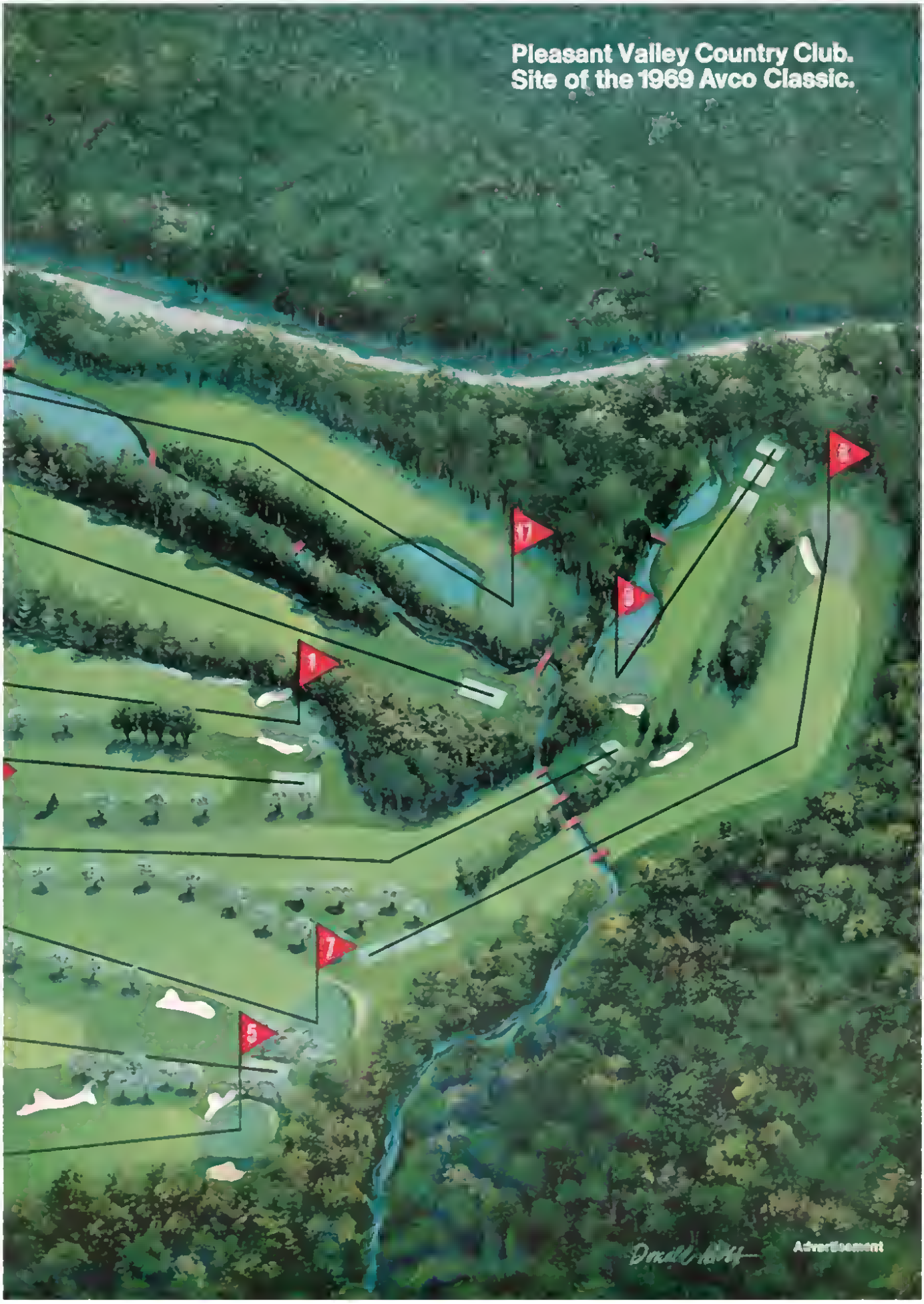
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◆ **Brenda Starr,** girl reporter, hasn't aged a day since 1940 when the eponymous comic strip first appeared. She's still romantically pursuing Editor Hennie Horton, still getting into journalistic hot water and frequently taking up good causes. Her latest is conservation. Brenda and her creator, Miss Dale Messick – are out to rescue alligators from evil poachers in the Everglades. The catalyst for this episode is an engaging pet 'gator named Aloysius, a sort of scaly Snoopy, who vengefully snatches ladies' alligator handbags and rips alligator shoes. Miss Messick, one of the few women who draw comics, is serious about conserving alligators. During the winter she and her husband make their home on Marco Island, Fla., where poaching is a fact of life. "Brenda," she says, "is going to promote *imitation* alligator bags and shoes. After all, they look like the real thing and don't endanger the reptiles."

It is well known that both baseball players and politicians are prone to hyperbole, and it was no doubt in this vein that **Congressman Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell** (R., N.C.), whose pitching career was interesting rather than brilliant, was moved to say, after *Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins returned to earth*: "I'm anxious to see the rock samples they've brought back from the moon. I'm sure there's a few of my home run balls in that crowd."

The charity wrestling match between **Dr. Sam Sheppard** and Wild Bill Scholl (SI, Aug. 11) more than fulfilled the expectations of the 1,500 fans who crowded into a high school gym in Waverly, Ohio. Sheppard



(surprise!) won, "numbing" his opponent by shoving his two middle fingers into Scholl's mouth and pressing on the mandibular nerves beneath his tongue. "We call it the 'mandibular marvel,'" crowed Sheppard's manager. "It's the first new hold I've seen in 15 to 20 years." "Illegal!" screamed Wild Bill, who claimed he couldn't eat solid foods for three days. "The usual put-on," muttered others. Whatever, the Pike County Cancer Fund took home $3,000.

After the International Karate Championships in Long Beach, Calif., Ed Parker, the promoter, announced that his Grand International champion may take up boxing. Can the heavyweight *karate champion beat the heavyweight boxing champion*? "I think he'll be a winner," said Parker. At least he sounds like one. His name is **Joe Lewis.**

◉ The party at New York's fashionable Four Seasons restaurant to announce the formation of **Mickey Mantle** Men and **Joe Namath** Girls Inc., a new employment agency, may have been the classiest bash ever thrown for a couple of jocks. In fact, the guest list was so select that only two other athletes were let in the joint: **Whitey Ford** and **Billy Martin,** who shook hands with his left, or nonpunching, hand. Mantle made a funny. When he was introduced he said he would be very brief since it was his understanding that people preferred to drink rather than listen to speeches. Namath spared the jokes and got down to business. He told everyone to give the five points and take the Jets *in their game against the Giants*. The Jets won 37-14. Joe may not know a Mafioso when he sees one, but he knows his football.

At 6' 5" **Joseph Luns** of The Netherlands is the world's tallest *foreign minister. And at 206* pounds he is one of the heaviest. Says Luns, "If I wouldn't keep up my daily exercises I would be 228 pounds within a week." Every morning Luns does 14 different exercises, including standing on his head, and he swims and walks whenever he can. "It's hard to keep fit," he explains. "As foreign minister I have to enjoy too many lavish lunches and tasty dinners. The last time I was in New York I walked 45 minutes after a big and exhausting dinner, wearing my dinner jacket and all my medals."

If constituents in the state of Maine have had trouble reaching their chief executive lately, they might try the nearest softball field. The **Governor Kenneth M. Curtis** All-Stars have been touring Maine off and on since June 10 for the benefit of the Jimmy Fund, an organization that sponsors cancer research in children, and they are undefeated in 10 games. Curtis, who at 38 is the nation's youngest governor, is batting .488. "I'm sure no one was grooving them to me," he said. "They even brushed me back some."

President Georges Pompidou, having devalued the franc, also apparently put little value on the ornate gilt chairs the De Gaulles had ordered for a summer retreat at Le Lasandou in the South of France, where Pompidou took his family for a holiday last week. The gilt chairs were replaced with wicker furniture and deck chairs, "more sensible for wet bathing suits," said Mme. Pompidou.

◉



The Rumanians are coming!

Having stunned—but really stunned—Britain, 'Tirry Baby' and 'Nasty' are headed for Cleveland to challenge the U.S. for the Davis Cup

Everyone in tennis knows that Great Britain can no longer count on Fred Perry's forehand, that the British only *own* Wimbledon, they certainly don't win it anymore. But there the British were last week, at home on the No. 1 court at Wimbledon with only Rumania to beat to advance to the Challenge Round for the first time since 1937. Rumania? Rumania—that neat little place Richard Nixon visits to draw crowds? Britain might no longer be a competitive tennis power, but Rumania—the same as every other Communist country—had never before even reached the Interzone finals, much less the Challenge Round, much less Cleveland, Ohio, 44101.

When the United States defends the Davis Cup in Cleveland next month, though, it will be Rumania and not Great Britain across the net. Of course, in a way that is in keeping with what has been perhaps the most bewildering Davis Cup in years, one shaped by strange, bitter, even sad, circumstances.

The tennis politicians, for instance, effectively eliminated several countries from the outset by continuing the ban on all contract pros. Mexico knocked Australia out of the running, then lost all chance itself when its beloved Rafael Osuna was killed in a plane crash. An injury to Manuel Santana ruined Spain's hopes and the favorite—South Africa—was certainly helped to defeat by a series of flour bombings by British demonstrators while the Africans were trying to contend with the British players at Bristol.

The British were not really expected to get even to that point in what was supposed to have been a transitional year. Mark Cox, 26, was starting only his second full season of Davis Cup play, and Graham Stilwell and Peter Curtis, both 23, their first. But after easily moving past Switzerland and Ireland as expected, Great Britain won three tension-filled 3-2 ties in the space of six weeks, upsetting West Germany, South Africa and then Brazil as Stilwell conquered the favored Thomas Koch in straight sets.

Cox is the left-handed Cambridge graduate who burst upon the scene last year, when he became the first amateur to beat the pros in an open tournament. Stilwell, a more relaxed and natural player than his teammate, is a former bad boy of British tennis. More has been done for him financially by the Lawn Tennis Association than for any player in its history. For four years, though, the LTA has received little back in return. Now his reformation has brought Stilwell sweet vindication and a reputation as the most improved player in the world.

Together with Curtis, Cox and Stilwell also captured the imagination of the British public and in the Interzone final they would be playing again at home on the surface they like best—grass—against a Rumanian pair who were basically hard-court exponents. The British were heavily favored. "To be quite objective about it, it's bloody ludicrous for us to be playing our fifth straight tie at home on grass," said Owen Davidson, the former Australian Davis Cupper who, in his second year as coach of the British team, is credited with much of its recent success. "But you know," he smiled, "we'll take it."

The Rumanian team of Ion Tiriac and Ilie Nastase, the one an international ice hockey player and karate expert (Tirry Baby), the other a romanticist and rock music fan (Nasty), had come through a much easier draw to Wimbledon, having beaten Egypt, Israel, Spain (without Santana), Russia and India. As a doubles team, the two had accumulated wide experience in international competition, but their lack of practice on grass figured to hurt them in the singles. Moreover, Rumanian Captain George Cobzuc left himself open for some second-guessing when he had his team play in the German Open on Hamburg clay courts the week before the final tie, instead of practicing on grass.



ION TIRIAC, GLOWERING AND SOLID

"So," countered Tiriac, a swarthy curly-haired veteran of 30 who glowers a lot and whose facial contortions are not unlike those of Actor Gabe Dell when he impersonates Count Dracula, "it is better to play against the best players in the world than to sit around looking at the grass."

Nastase, a lieutenant in the Rumanian army, broke in. "This grass, it is very good for football," he laughed. "Ahhh, but we are strong." The flamboyant 23-year-old Nastase is a perfect foil to his serious, brooding teammate. Last year he ended Tiriac's eight-year



ILIE NASTASE, FLAMBOYANT AND MAD

reign as Rumanian champion before making a tour of the Caribbean circuit and playing in five tournaments in the United States. In London, Nasty pranced around in trim corduroy pants and buckle shoes, playing his portable tapes of Jimi Hendrix and The Bee Gees and denying that he ever was, as the British press insisted upon calling him, "a former shepherd boy."

"I am not ever a shepherd, just my father has sheep. I not even like sheep," he said. "I like Bee Gees. I like college girls."

In the opening singles on Thursday it was the menacing, side-whiskered Tiriac against the pink-cheeked, cherub-faced Cox in what appeared to be nothing more than a man-vs.-boy situation. Appearances were not deceiving. As the British had progressed into each succeeding tie, Cox's nerves had become worn and his look haggard. On this day he was tight from the beginning and Tiriac took charge. Cox broke Tiriac's service at 3-5 in the first set but, apart from that game, he scored only 12 points against service in the entire match and the Rumanian won easily 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.

Stilwell, on the other hand, came out moments later and was decidedly composed. A stocky 5' 6", Stilwell churns rather than runs, much the way Chuck McKinley used to do. Churning now, and far superior to his opponent, he easily disposed of a shaky Nastase 6-4, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2. However, having come through the first day with a 1-1 score, the Rumanians felt that they were in command.

The next morning London newspapers called for Headly Baxter, the captain of the British team, to pair Stilwell instead of Cox with Curtis in the doubles. Cox's mental state could have been shattered for his last singles match if he had been replaced at this point, however, and Curtis had gone off his form when Britain had lost in doubles to Brazil. So Baxter decided instead to insert Stilwell for Curtis in order, as he put it, "to have more chance of winning the tie, if not necessarily the doubles." The Rumanians, receiving the news in their dressing room, were overjoyed. "I believe they are squirming," said Tiriac.

Although this was their first time together in the Davis Cup on grass, the Rumanian stars have a distinguished doubles record which includes a victory over Ken Rosewall and Fred Stolle in the French championships this year. At Wimbledon last month the Rumanians withdrew in pique after not being seeded, but they presented their case more effectively this time by playing. Stilwell and Cox had not been paired together for four years and were no match for the Rumanians. Nastase, who is especially imaginative in his use of the ball at the net and quick and clever in his recoveries, contributed the flair while Tiriac provided the solidarity, and they cruised to a 10-8, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4 victory.

"To switch players was the biggest mistake they could have made," said Tiriac. BAXTER BOOBS IN CUP, declared a headline next morning. But Owen Davidson, for one, did not feel Britain was dead. "The press," he said, "If we win, they all play *God Save the Queen*. If we have a bad day, they scrub the team. We were down 2-1 to Brazil and won, and Brazil is a better team than Rumania."

That last afternoon, Stilwell, proving himself the most consistent performer of the tie, evened things up for Great Britain with a 6-3, 6-2, 6-4 win over Tiriac that was surprisingly trouble-free. The momentum had quickly shifted back to England so decidedly that one could almost hear the London journalists humming the anthem in the press gallery.

The final singles would match the two erratic, emotional protagonists, Cox and Nastase, if they both did not collapse in a heap of scrambled brains first. The Englishman began strongly, breaking Nastase in the fourth game for a 3-1 lead. But at 40-love on Cox's service something happened that brought about a curious change in both men. Cox served a let that Nastase thought was out but that the line judge called in. Infuriated, Nastase complained to the judge for a moment, then stood completely still, making no effort, as Cox served a winner right past him for 4-1.

Nastase went to his bench, rattled his rackets, kicked a chair and threw a few well-chosen Balkan hand signs at Cox and the judge before returning to the court. It looked as if he had lost all concentration and was through.

But Cox, though running out the set, 6-3, was the one who was finished. In a peculiar about-face that saw Nastase playing with anger, Cox with timidity, the latter won only three of the next 10 games, lost the second set 6-1 and never again found his edge.

At 3-all in the third set, he led 30-love but was broken. Then, up 5-4, Nastase served a love game to win the set. In the final encounter the Rumanian served three more love games before Cox finally put up some belated resistance.

When it was over—3-6, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4—Nastase threw his racket high in the air and shouted, "Bravo, Nastase! Bravo! Bravo!" There were kisses all around, that being the Rumanian way, and a lot of hugs, too. Then Tirry Baby carried Nasty all the way to the dressing room where some friends were already celebrating the victory.

On Sept. 19 Rumania will play in Cleveland for the Davis Cup. Count Dracula will bring his karate and his growl. The shepherd boy will bring his tape recorder and his Bee Gee cartridges. It should be fun. END

GOLF / *Roy Blount Jr.*

A super keen-o show by La Grande Catherine

That's the way envious American opponents would describe the performance of Catherine Lacoste, the French girl who last week added the U.S. Amateur championship to the Open title she won two years ago

Every so often someone in the gallery would murmur, "I hope she cuts it too much," as Miss Catherine Lacoste of Saint Jean-de-Luz, France addressed a key iron shot. Once a lady even said, "Oh, I hope she cracks," after Miss Lacoste hit a rare imperfect drive. The fact that she was grinding up a very American-looking girl—Miss Shelley Hamlin of Fresno, Calif., who was game and pretty and said things like, "She's a super keen-o-type player"—had something to do with it. But it wasn't just chauvinism.



DRESSED TO THE NINES, A GRIM CATHERINE STALKS DOWN THE FAIRWAY

What it was, in the U.S. Women's Amateur championship last week at Las Colinas Country Club in Irving, Texas, was that Miss Lacoste seemed too strong and detached a player to need or to attract any sentimental favor. She looked more like a steely-eyed Walt Disney chipmunk or, as someone called her, "La Bulldog." She latched on to par and wouldn't let go, and thus did *la gloire* of the 1969 American amateur crown go to the girl who is also this year's champion of France, Great Britain and Spain.

Nobody ever won such a grand slam before, and Catherine is the first foreigner to win the U.S. title since 1936. Through 105° temperature and lightning and rain, she continued to hit long enough to cause a shaken young Dallas-area boy to say, "Mom, she used an iron where dad would have used a wood." She went on sending her approach shots high in the air and plunk on the pin. And she putted well enough to get the job done and push on to the next hole. In each of her five matches she won convincingly and aggressively, and twice she came from behind. She appeared in a cowboy hat when she accepted her trophy and said, "I'm a Texan now and I hope to come back very soon." She was, as everyone said during the ceremony, a real champion.

She was not seen chumming around, however, with any of the other candidates for champion. Privately, one of her opponents said of her, "She is a magnificent player, even though her swing is basically bad. [She rises, if not quite up off the ground, at least way up on her toes, during her swing.] But if she's such a great player, why does she have to act like she *thinks* she's such a great player?"

Furthermore, Catherine's tone was more washed-out than triumphant when she disclosed to the press, under questioning, that she would probably not defend her American title next year. "I'm

going to quit international competition very soon," she said. She had won all the tournaments she wanted to win. Her father, the tennis champion, and her mother, the golf champion, retired at their peaks. "I think it's a great thing for any sportsman, or any *sportsgirl*, to quit at the maximum," she went on. But the way she talked, things didn't sound so maximum. "I've had enough of it," she said. "I've had enough attention." Would she ever play competitively in the United States again? "I doubt it."

If Catherine does indeed settle down in France, it will come as a great relief to the leading lady golfers of this country. She first raised their hackles when she not only beat them all—including the pros—in the 1967 U.S. Open, but went on to complain about their oversertousness and their unfriendliness toward her (SI, July 10, 1967).

"Catherine just doesn't understand," says one of the leading U.S. amateurs. "I've known Mickey Wright since I was 14, but I wouldn't think of going up to her and asking her for a round of golf." The reference is to the time during the '67 Open when Miss Lacoste sauntered up to a breakfast table full of noted U.S. lady pros and asked if anyone wanted to play a practice round—causing the pros' mouths to fall open and Catherine to feel rejected.

This year her visit may have been chilled by a misapprehension. She avoided criticizing the set of opponents—the amateurs "were very kind to me," she said at the end. But the story got around that, after Mrs. JoAnne Gunderson Carner was eliminated in the first round, Catherine told somebody, "Now there is no one left worth beating."

No one knew exactly to whom she was supposed to have told that, and when she was asked about the alleged slight she snapped, "That is a ridiculous story. I didn't win a match before the 16th hole. I think that's enough competition."

What she did do, she said, was tell Mrs. Carner that, "It was a lousy thing for her to do, to get beaten. She beat me last year in the semifinals, and I couldn't get back my own. Of course I I said it in a kidding manner. I wasn't really cross."

But the U.S. ladies thought they had been disdained. That is apparently why Miss Hamlin said before the final round, without taking anything away from Cathy's super keen-o-mess as a player, "I don't want to beat her too bad. After all, she came all the way over here to play in our little tournament. No, no hard feelings. But a lot of little sneaky ones. I mean she's never kicked me or anything. But, as a lady said in the locker room the other day, she's about as diplomatic as de Gaulle. No, one-up wouldn't satisfy me. I do want to beat her bad."

Miss Hamlin, a 20-year-old Stanford student, played well enough in the 36-hole final round Saturday to crush most woman players. But La Grande Cathy was only one over par for the day, on a course which saw few par rounds. When she went four-up on the 30th hole, a lady in the gallery sighed, "Shelley's not going to make up a lead like that against *her*." Shelley hung in there with pressure putts, but the match ended on the 34th green, 3 and 2.

Miss Lacoste was not the only subject of conversation during the tournament. There was the weather, for example. Monday through Thursday the temperature stayed securely over 100°. The sparse galleries huddled in the sparser shade of scorched mesquite trees and swilled as much Gatorade and water as the players did. One man said his dog lay down and died of the heat the day before. Another maintained he had seen birds sitting in the street gasping.

Then on Friday morning, semifinals day, the rains came. They let up long enough for a few holes to be played on a course of suddenly intense green and against a sky of suddenly deep gray. Miss Lacoste, carrying a big red, white and blue umbrella and wearing a red shirt and turquoise blue corduroy jeans, was playing three-time champion, Mrs. Anne Quast Welts, wearing a cute little cutaway hat and pink shorts and carrying a little pink parasol. Mrs. Welts, who has won more matches—64 out of 77—in this tournament over the years than anyone else, has failed to advance at least as far as the quarterfinals in only two of 17 years. "And one of those two was the time I tried to play when I was pregnant," she says. "I was under the illusion that it didn't show. But then I saw the pictures."

Mrs. Welts, occasionally crying "No, Anne, don't do that" to herself, had Catherine down by three after 10 holes in the semis, but Miss Lacoste came storming back to win 2 and 1.

Even more impressive against the Frenchwoman were two new faces from Pennsylvania. Janie Fassinger, 17, of New Wilmington, hit so consistently far off the tee that people began to use her as a standard of comparison. Miss Lacoste had to play her best round—three under par for 16 holes, reaching all 16 greens in regulation—to stop Miss Fassinger, whose long blonde straight surfer's hair seemed to be giving her as much trouble as Cathy was.

Connie Hirschman, 22, of York, struggled through 38 holes in Wednesday's heat—20 to beat Mrs. Michael J. Skala in sudden death and 18 before succumbing to Cathy one-up in the second round.

The youngest new face, and perhaps the prettiest, belonged to a local girl, Nancy Hager, 16, of Richardson High School in Dallas, who went all the way to the semifinals before losing to Miss Hamlin one-up, and who announced, "I have learned that I am better than I thought I was."

Mrs. Carner's first-round loss was true to form, inasmuch as she generally either wins this tournament or loses early. If she had won this year, it would have been her sixth time, tying the record set by Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, who dominated U.S. amateurs in the '20s and early '30s. JoAnne said the heat didn't bother *her*, although she came in from her defeat—to Mrs. Ann Baker Furrow, who was herself knocked off in the next round—with her forehead crusted with salt. Mrs. Carner, the only U.S. amateur who has beaten pros the way Cathy did in the Open, said she just couldn't get up for her match at Las Colinas. What with running the public par-60 course she and her husband own in Seekonk, Mass., she seldom plays competitively anymore. If she and Catherine had met in this tournament, the winner would have been regarded by many as the best woman golfer in the world. It will be a shame if the two of them never have another chance. END

After 100 years: the classic coat again



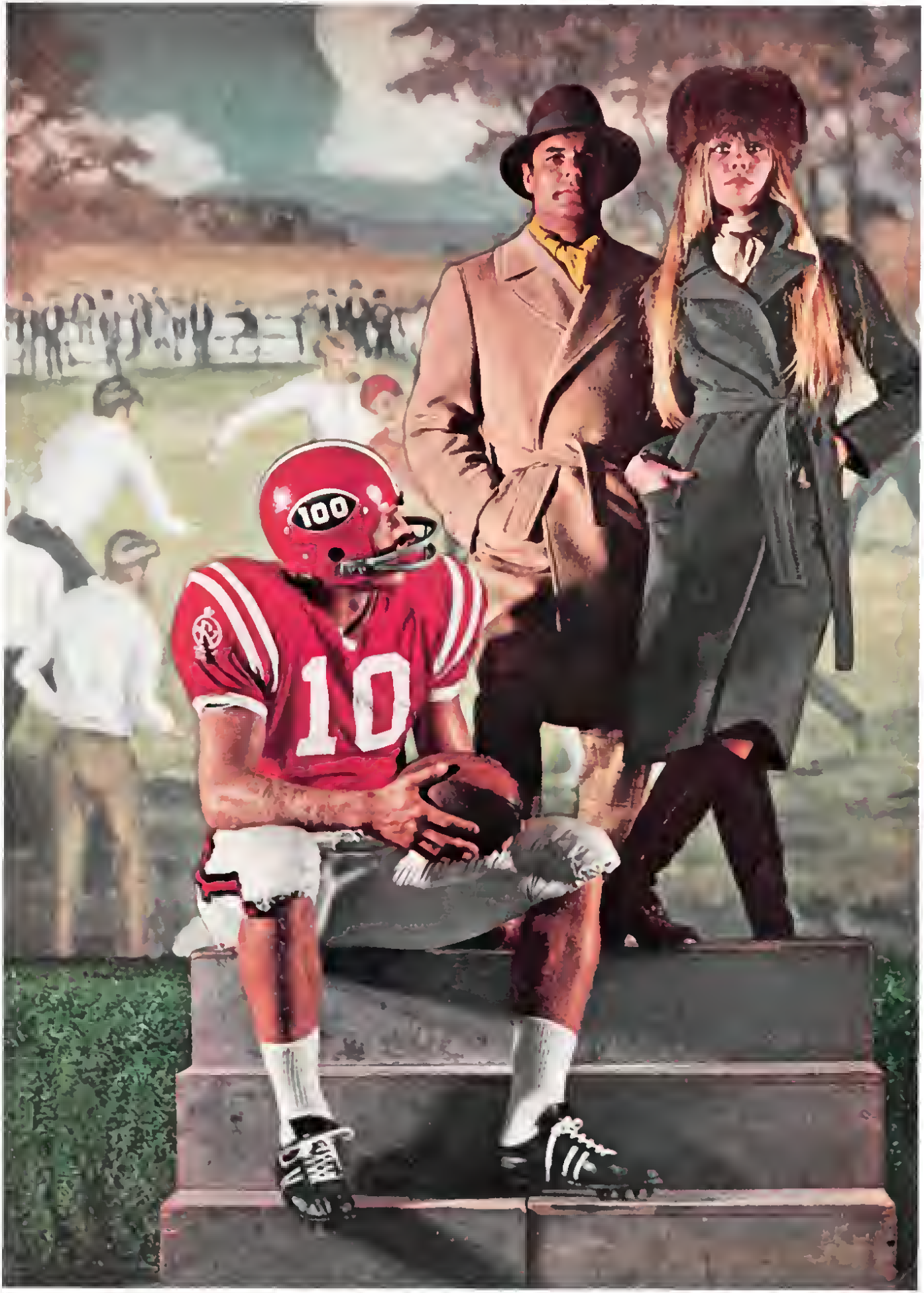


The year 1869 was, in the sporting sense, triply distinguished by the start of major league baseball, by the invention of intercollegiate football, and by an extraordinary elegance in the dress of the new spectator class. Baseball already has celebrated its centenary, and now football is about to exalt the memory of that first game, in which Rutgers beat Princeton 6–4. Appropriately enough, there is a revival of the sidelines scene that designers have come to call classic. This fall Princeton plays Rutgers again, and there will be parading and queens and centennial hoopla, the players will all wear 100 on their helmets and there in the stands will be the sporting classics back in a new version of the old look that is likely to sweep 1969 stadiums. Today's designers have revived wide ties and maxi-mufflers, girls will be grand in the way great mod-grandmother used to be; the argyle-all-over look will be big. There will be plenty of polo coats, tied around the waist the way men did it when they wore them after playing real polo. Scarves will return, this time long enough to wrap up everybody on the 50-yard line, and the Norfolk jacket, once worn for shooting, will now be in style for spectating. The classic-lookers here and on the following pages are posed in front of pictures reflecting the grand old game and the fact that fashion has discovered the not-so-instant replay.

NORFOLK JACKETED Dave Dennis and Lowell McGlothin yell with Cheerleader Tom McGuire (*top left*) while Murph Damron and Jill Twiddy (*above*) display their argyle suits. The backdrops: Rutgers teams of 1917 and 1895.

THREE STYLES for '69 are these polo coats, such as the belted wool worn by Dave or cashmere model by Kathy Reagan, or the 100th anniversary gear by Rutgers Tailback Bruce Van Ness. Painting is by William Boyd, class of '32.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN


100
10



AGAINST BACKDROP of Arnold Friberg's *The Big Game* lineup of classically coated fans gets set for a new season. At left, Dave wears



a plaid tube coat, Cybill Shepherd a hooded wool and raccoon and Lowell (*standing*) a greatcoat. Ric Colby, in a guardsman coat, tosses a ball to Centennial Queen Barbara Specht of Texas Tech, who reigns in a maxi-raincoat, while Kathy stands by in leather splendor

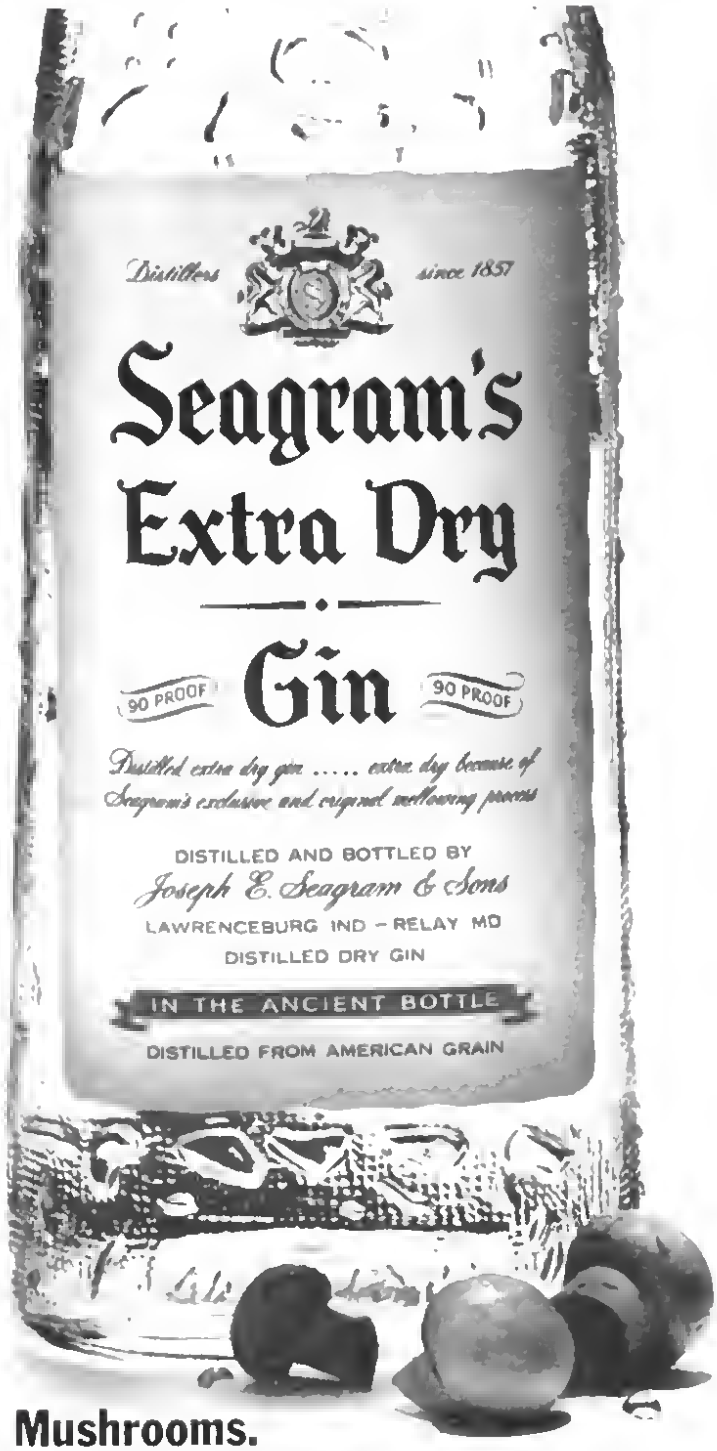


THE PRINCETON TIGER meets the mini raccoon as worn here by Jill, while Lowell stands by in a belted polo coat. Jill's aviator cap, borrowed from a World War I number worn by Snoopy, is made of shearling and both outfits are suitable for fall spectating.

WHERE TO GO CLASSIC

On page 56 both Norfolk jackets are Donegal tweeds. Dave wears black and white by Clubman $70 at Field Brothers, New York, and Lowell's russet colored coat is from Hunter Haig $65 at Rodes Rapier, Louisville. Next in argyles, Murph wears jump suit and cardigan by Luba for Elite with matching hat by Madcaps. Jackel is $95 and jump suit $115 at Neiman Marcus, Dallas. Jill's three-piece outfit is by Halston, $190 for the pullover cardigan jacket and pants at Halston Boutique, Bloomingdale's, New York. On page 57 Dave wears a wrap around camel colored wool and mohair polo coat by Duncan Reed, Ltd., $145 at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, topped by a wide brimmed Stetson. Kathy's cashmere coat and sable chopka (with earflaps tied on top) and silk scarf are all by Halston. The coat is $300 at Bloomingdale's. Her high suede boots are from Latinas. On pages 58-59 (from left), Dave wears camel and brown Glen plaid lube coat by Cardin, New York, $235 at Halle's, Cleveland. Cybill's wool and fur trimmed maxi coat is by Victor Joris for Cuddle coat, $1,000 at Giorgio, Beverly Hills, Calif. Tossing the football, Ric wears double breasted guardsman coat by Malcolm Kenneth, $225 at B. Altman, New York, set off by an 8 foot long tartan scarf by Handcraft. Standing, Lowell wears World War I vintage greatcoat of cotton gabardine by Bill Blass for PBM, $165 at Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles and Palm Springs. Centennial Queen Barbara wears cotton gabardine maxi trenchcoat by Cortefiel de España, $95 at Filene's, Boston. Her 6-foot long Princeton scarf is from Madcaps and high leather boots are from Latinas. Next, Kathy stays warm in a filled maxi coat of glazed leather with navy pile collar, by Samuel Robert, $325 at Henri Bendel, New York. Her tweed carpet bag is by Gia. On page 60, Jill's short natural American raccoon is from Fredrica, $1,295 at Miss Jackson's, Tulsa. Lowell's wool and mohair coat is by Duncan Reed, $150 at Diamond and Company, Philadelphia. His cavalry twill slacks are from Austin-Hill Ltd. and jodhpur boots by Renegades.

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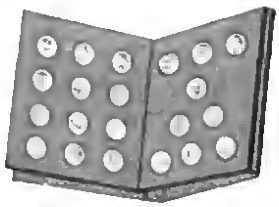
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Never? No, always on Sunday

For all its conservative stance, Vermont had to turn to the track when it discovered that you can't support a state on maple syrup

Mention Vermont and what comes to mind? Calvin Coolidge, immediately. Then maple syrup, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys; perhaps the recollection that Vermont was the only state except Maine to vote for Alfred M. Landon against Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936. All those things. But horse racing, with pari-mutuel betting—and on *Sunday* afternoons, not long after church? Never. Still, for the past two seasons, Thoroughbred racing has been popular on Sundays at a $6 million track nestled in a valley of the Green Mountain and Taconic ranges. And further, night Thoroughbred and harness racing have been big there since 1963.

It all began with a touch of crisis. Vermont, with population of a mere 389,881 in the 1960 census, found itself in 1961 with a grave financial deficit. Vermonters traditionally love a balanced budget as much as they do their large dairy herds (there are almost as many cows in Vermont as people), and their famous syrup and their Republicanism. Looking around at the huge racing revenues neighboring states were amassing, the legislators of the day decided that what they needed for their budget ills was a racetrack.

Never, since Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791, had the state solons even thought of such a thing. Indeed, the only horses previously considered decent in Vermont were farm animals and the famous Morgan breed—small horses of great endurance popular for use with carriages and sulkies which was developed at several sites in Vermont. Some of the citizens still looked down their blue noses at the idea of a track (but after the legislature passed a bill authorizing pari-mutuel horse racing a great many others—more interested in money than in piety—passed the required referendum by an overwhelming vote). The call for bids interested six tracks, mainly in New England, but the best offer came from Lou Smith, who had established the highly successful course at Rockingham Park in nearby New Hampshire. Smith formed the Taconic Racing and Breeding Association, Inc., owners of Green Mountain, and began to sell stock.

Vermonters, though they like revenue, are known to be wary of speculation. Most of the $6 million needed for land, construction and fittings was raised out of state. It came from a few heavy investors, notably Martin E. DeMatteo Jr., one of New England's largest contractors, who builds airports, bridges, housing and industrial complexes and who became president and treasurer and now owns a majority of Taconic stock. Mr. DeMatteo's company went to work in 1962 and installed the Green Mountain track on 125 acres of farming land, near the southwestern border where Vermont meets New York and Massachusetts. It opened for business in the spring of 1963.



SHIRTSLEEVES IN A LOVELY SETTING

Having enjoyed Sundays at racetracks in France and even one in Moscow, I was curious about the only American plant open on Sundays this side of Phoenix, Ariz., Ruidoso, N. Mex., Jefferson, S. Dak. and Seattle. The track—surrounded front and back by lush mountain ranges—looks dainty and pretty as one approaches the valley in which it is located. But once you are inside it is remarkably spacious. It seats 8,000 people, has parking space for 9,000 cars and there are plenty of betting windows, bars and eating places. A long apron accommodates the many who like to root their horses home from near the rail.

The building itself is not of the garish school of track architecture. It is a simple green square of glass and metal which blends beautifully into the atmosphere without the detriment of plastic and concrete a la Aqueduct and Yonkers. The track itself is 13 16th of a mile with a 5 8ths-mile track for harness racing, which curves into the main track when converted for trotters and pacers. The width of 90 feet prevents crowding.

Green Mountain has 200 nights and Sundays of Thoroughbred and harness racing, starting this year with trotters and pacers Feb. 28, continuing until April 26 when the Thoroughbreds came back. There is another fall harness meet from Oct. 18 through Nov. 30, after which Vermont gets a bit chilly and snowy. (One of the state's other big sources of revenue is skiing.) The track's 1,106-foot stretch is almost as long as nearby Saratoga and distant Aqueduct, and a bit longer than the Belmont stretch. It favors come-from-behind horses and, made of sandy loam, it is one of the fastest-drying tracks in the country.

On the recent Saturday night and Sunday afternoon when I suffered a minor setback at Green Mountain, the pleasure made the small loss well worth while. Many of the races are five furlongs, with several at seven and 7½, and an occasional mile and mile and 1/16. The purses, raised this year from a $1,100 minimum to $1,500—with an occasional $5,000 race—are not big enough to attract stars. The Thoroughbreds come mainly from West Virginia, Ohio, Finger Lakes, N.Y., and New England, where they saw worse days and raced for even less. Some of them are quite elderly. A few of the winners I did not bet on were 9- and 10-year-olds. A very high percentage of favor-

ites win or are in the money at Green Mountain. In addition to a Daily Double there are a Big Perfecta on the fifth and sixth races and a Perfecta on the final race. On Sundays there are 10 races. On the Saturday of my visit the Big Perfecta, with the winner and second horse in both the fifth and sixth races, paid $1,291.80 for $2, and on Sunday it was worth $554.80. Many have been much higher than that, making horseplayers' pocketbooks water.

Ninety-five percent of the bettors and viewers at Green Mountain come from out of state. There is a rumor that some of the Pownal townsfolk do not even know there is a racetrack in their midst, but most of them certainly know where their revenue is coming from. The town of Pownal (pop. 1,879) gets $200 for every racing day from the track, plus real estate taxes and benefits from the influx of fans buying food, liquor, cigarettes, souvenirs and that good old maple syrup. Pownal has won a new six-room school out of the jack from the track.

There is some grumbling in the lovely, quiet little community about Sunday racing—not on religious grounds but on traffic grounds. Some of the natives complain that they have trouble getting their cars out of their driveways when the track is filling up or emptying.

From 1963 to 1968, when Sunday racing began, for 29 Sundays the state has received $9,794,145.11 from night and Sunday racing. The town has received $615,129.84. The state also got $475,980.34 from franchise, income and payroll taxes from the track, and the track contributes $100,000 a year for the Vermont state fairs. Investors still have a long way to go before they get their money back, despite a 12½% cut in the handle for the track. But officials, like other horseplayers, are not pessimistic. The handle is up 20.9%, so far in 1969 over last year and attendance is up 5½%.

The patrons of Green Mountain come from Saratoga after dark and on Sundays from Albany, N.Y., Springfield and Pittsfield, Mass., Hartford, Conn. and other New England communities. On the Sunday I was there, six busloads arrived from Manhattan and several from the Bronx, bringing several hundred fans eager to pray on the finish line. The trip, nonstop from the sidewalks of New York City to the mountains of Vermont, takes about 3½ hours each way in air-conditioned, lavatory-equipped buses and costs $10.50 round trip—with admission to the track included in the price of the bus ticket. General admission is $2 for the clubhouse and $1 for the grandstand. The voyagers look like horseplayers everywhere, from here to Moscow, tieless, shirtsleeved and shifty.

I heard one New Yorker, who had won the Big Perfecta of more than $500, talking to another while awaiting the return trip to humid Manhattan. The winner was commenting to the loser on how fine that fresh Vermont mountain air felt. "Who needs it?" growled the unlucky one. "Give me some winners and I'll play the subway." END



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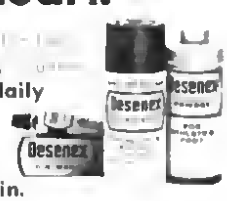
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NFL

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The Desperate Coach

By JOHN UNDERWOOD

Is the coach, as a psychiatrist has said, "the remaining stronghold of the archaic family structure" or is he, as one describes himself, "the last chance for the preservation of dignity on campus"? In a three-part series, of which this is the first part, the coaches—bewildered, angry and disillusioned, no longer certain of their mission or, in some cases, of their relevancy—wonder if they can relinquish authority and still win

Among the many targets of campus movers and shakers, the coach is unique. Everybody is gunning for him: students, faculty, administration—even his athletes. At the University of Maryland a losing football team had the coach fired. Among other things, the players accused him of physical abuse. "Don't they know what it takes to win?" the coach said. At Providence College a winning track coach got canned when he confiscated a TV set. He said he wanted the athletes to study. They said they wanted to watch TV. A small Pittsburgh college fired its basketball coach because he "did not listen to his players." A 17-year-old freshman had told him he wouldn't change from a zone to a man-to-man defense.

Spurring the athletes on are the student activists, who regard the coach as a neo-fascistic racist. A student referendum recently killed intercollegiate football at the University of California at San Diego. By 3 to 1, the student body voted to abolish the one-year-old football program. At San Francisco State the Associated Students (who administer the activity fees) allocated $15,339.19 to the Third World Liberation Front, $22,072.59 to the Black Students Union and cut the athletic department's allotment from $48,000 to $0.00. When it was pointed out that the athletic department had certain contractual obligations, it was granted $12,500.

Organizations such as Students for a Democratic Society and the BSU go after the coaches because they make instant headlines. At Oregon State, for example, Football Coach Dee Andros was a better target than James H. Jensen, the college president. Andros' offense was that he had asked Fred Milton, a black linebacker, to shave off a three-week-old beard and mustache. The athletic department's rule was no facial hair. Milton, who, it was rumored, had no intention of playing football that season anyway, refused to shave. Andros kicked him off the team.

The BSU called for a boycott of the Oregon State athletic department and was joined by other BSU chapters, as well as various SDS chapters, in demanding sanctions against Oregon State. When Oregon State's basketball team played Washington State, a Washington State Negro refused to play. The only response by Washington State Coach Marv Harshman was to say he was surprised. When Oregon State played Washington, Washington Coach Tex Winter let Guard Rafael Stone sit out the game, saying he didn't want "undue pressure" on his Negro star. When Oregon State closed out the season with two games at Oregon, all four Oregon blacks sat out. *continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILLIP LEONIAN





Working more or less in concert, SDS and BSU have similarly rattled athletic departments up and down the West Coast, putting heat on coaches and athletic directors, forcing the cancellation of games, threatening and coercing uncommitted athletes.

Black athletes have their own problems (SI, *The Cruel Deception*, July 1, 1968 *et seq.*), and to these must now be added a new kind of pressure—that of militants demanding that athletes serve as symbols in the black struggle. During a boycott at San Francisco State, football player Tony Williams was told to quit or get shot. Williams quit. Another San Francisco State player carried a gun to practice for three weeks.

Many black athletes read race into almost everything a coach says or does. Often mistaking discipline for discrimination, they have compiled an inventory of incidents that reinforces their belief that a lot of coaches are racists. These blacks challenge rules whenever they are contrary to their emerging cultural pride, especially as they relate to hair, and demand retribution, or more.

Football Coach Ray Nagel of Iowa refused to allow two of his Negro players, one of whom had been arrested on a bad-check charge, to take part in spring practice. The other blacks on the team asked Nagel to apologize for things he had said about the two suspended players, which he did, but the blacks were unappeased. They said Nagel was "not sincere." Because of this and other grievances, 16 Negroes on the squad boycotted the opening of spring practice at Iowa this year.

Nagel, fed up with threats and intimidations (one morning he found two of his tires slashed), said the 16 were off the team—"self-dismissed." Four other black football players didn't boycott. Nagel's black assistant coach, Frank Gilliam, supported his decision. So did his school. But the newly formed National Union of Black Athletes has vowed to continue its "struggle against racist athletic programs," most notably Iowa's.

In many cases, however, coaches have found that the administration is reluctant to support them. "Too many administrators are weak in the face of pressure," says Basketball Coach Jack Gardner of Utah. Alabama's Bear Bryant has always contended that a coach needs an ironclad contract to protect him against his superiors—"so that the president, or whoever is in charge, can't lose his guts when the going gets tough."

The administrators themselves are on perilous ground, caught in a crossfire between conservative trustees and alumni on the one hand and radical students and faculty on the other. Administrators like to cite Stanford President Kenneth S. Pitzer's *mea culpa*. "I know I'm an evil. The only question is whether I am a necessary evil," and they add what a young female radical had to say about Pitzer: "We don't want to shut him up because we can make mincemeat out of him. He laughs at the wrong places. He's insecure."

Coaches are quitting at a record rate, but administrators are getting out even faster. More than 70 college presidencies are now open. In the seven years that Pete Newell was athletic director at the University of California (Berkeley), he served under five different chancellors. San Francisco State has had eight presidents in 10 years but now has one dear to a coach's heart in Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, the semanticist. "Keep smiling," Hayakawa told the cops after a recent riot, "even while you're dragging the son of a bitch away."

Finally, there is an element of the faculty that has always been hostile to athletics, doesn't accept the coach's preeminence and resents his empathy with kids and the attention he gets from the community (not to mention his high salary). However, in the past, except for isolated cases, this hostility merely simmered. It is now bubbling over.

The smart coach long ago learned to live with or ignore this particular threat. "Jealousy is bad," says USC's John McKay. "But we have to understand the faculty's feelings. Some of these men have split the atom, and all we ever split was the T." Bear Bryant insists that his salary not exceed that of department heads. He can make money in other ways (his TV program, endorsements, etc.), so why offend? McKay and Bryant don't have trouble with their faculties.

Lots of less-successful coaches do. Many of them consider faculty opposition the most insidious threat of all—and McKay agrees—because a hostile faculty faction can exert considerable influence from within and because for the first time its scorn has become fashionable. Professors openly join in when the coach is under attack, exercising what Max Ways of FORTUNE calls their "assumption of moral superiority."

To the coaches it often seems as though the faculty is simply in cahoots with the students in their disdain for traditional verities. California football Coach Ray Willsey tells of a confrontation he had with a three-man faculty committee investigating charges made by black athletes against the athletic program. "It was frightening," he says. "Their questions showed they knew nothing about what we were trying to do, why we said things the way we did. The faculty should not judge coaches any more than coaches should judge faculties. They don't understand the relationship at all. They give a boy an F and they're done with him. A coach can't do that, he lives with his mistakes. A coach is like a father to a kid, sometimes *more* than a father. He has a 24-hour responsibility. Some professors can't understand it."

Another Western coach says, "The faculty has taken over. The administration has abdicated. Who do you think stirs these kids up? Outside influence? Partly. But where

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do they get their support? From the faculty. I'm talking about the active, vocal faculty. Hell, 70% don't even attend the faculty senate meetings. So the active minority has taken the power away from the real educators. They've always been there, waiting to get their chance. Some of them are political theorists who want to be political powers. The professor empathizes with the student rebels to establish himself as a good guy.

"You can't quote me on this because they might get after me, too, and I don't need that at my age. I'm protecting myself. They haven't been on me here, and I'm quiet, but you can bet on this: the faculty wants to take over. Two or three percent can overturn the boat while 97% sit there and don't know it's happening until they're in the water."

Football Coach Bob Devaney of Nebraska isn't afraid to be quoted. "Faculty people telling athletic people how to do their job is like a carpenter telling a barber how to cut hair," he says.

In the privacy of their offices, over breakfast in strange towns, wherever two or three coaches get together, they talk about The Problem. It is, says Jack Gardner of Utah, "on the minds and lips of everyone," and some see it more clearly than others.

At a meeting last spring between coaches and executives of the U.S. Basketball Writers Association, Steve Belko of Oregon made an impassioned plea. "You've got to help us," he said. "This is the worst thing that has ever happened." Belko had already had his troubles with the black athletes' boycott and was on record as having called his school president "gutless." Hank Iba of Oklahoma State, himself 40 years in the game, was even more forceful. "We are facing the greatest crisis in sports history," he said. "In the next eight months we could see sports virtually destroyed. Nobody seems to realize how critical this situation is."

One who realizes full well is F. Melvin Cratsley. Mel Cratsley coached basketball 21 years and then at age 50 he was told he couldn't coach anymore. He was told this by his players, who also got the word to his superior, who, in turn, fired him. Although Cratsley is not a household name in coaching, and may not be remembered past these paragraphs, he was, for 17 years, a popular coach at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. In his last season there the university, which does not award athletic scholarships, had the best record in its history (16-6), beating schools that dealt out scholarships like handbills, and rival coaches marveled at Mel Cratsley's tough defenses.

Then Cratsley moved on to become athletic director and basketball coach at a new school in Pittsburgh—Point Park College—and it was there he discovered the Now Generation. Five days before the start of his third season at Point Park, Cratsley was told he was "too inflexible," that he "did not listen to his players," that he was being replaced by his assistant and to henceforth concern himself only with the administrative duties of athletic director. With Cratsley out of its way, the basketball team went on to lose 15 of its 23 games.

Here is Mel Cratsley speaking about The Problem:

"I was fired because I was too disciplined. I believe in discipline, in sacrifice, in motivation. Students today aren't interested in those things. The authority of the coach is questioned. The pendulum has swung too far the other way, allowing kids to dictate policy. If the trend continues, it will kill intercollegiate athletics.

"I saw it coming last year. The players wanted to run it one way, I wanted to do it another. I tried their way 10 years or more ago. I came up with what I thought was the best offense and defense. I use the pattern offense, and I wanted them to cross on the pivot. They wanted to stand around and shoot. I had a 17-year-old freshman challenge my order to change from a zone to a man-to-man defense. We were seven points behind with five minutes to play. He said, 'We can't do it.' He was right. They did it halfheartedly and, of course, we got beat.

"I think college administrators started it by not making decisions, by backing down. Now they're scared to make decisions. It probably originated as a black problem, but today it's not race. It's kids of all types. They have power. How can any 17-year-old kid select teachers and courses? But they want to, and they're doing it.

"I wanted my players to wear blazers, get haircuts, wear a tie, take a bath once in a while, be on time. They didn't want to do these things. I object to players telling me they want beards, long hair and all the rest, because the next thing they want to do is run the team.

"WILL THE COACH RUN IT OR WILL THE KIDS?"

BASKETBALL Coach Nichols, who suspended his star when he cut a political science class to go to practice: "We cannot condone outright refusal to obey orders." Nichols kept his job.

TRACK Coach Hanlon, who confiscated a TV set because studies and TV don't mix—and the entire track team quit: "They wanted me to come down to their Howdy Doody mentality, rather than coming up to my level of proficiency." Hanlon was fired.

BASKETBALL Coach Cratsley, who was replaced because he didn't listen to his players: "If you can't tell them what to do, they don't need a coach."

More important than the beard is what it represents—rebellion. If you can't tell them what to do, they don't need a coach.

"Basketball is a team game. It depends on attitude. The reason underdogs upset favorites is attitude. I *am* old-fashioned. I think you get attitude through the intangibles—the sacrifices you make as a team. I don't think you get it if you're out there only for the purpose of glorifying one or two individuals. At halftime they don't talk about being behind, about losing the game; they want to see the scorebook, see how many points they have. 'Well, you have more points than I do, but I got more assists.'

"Maybe you should listen to your players. Let them decide what to do by committee. But you have 15 players. Every one of them has his own ideas. The guys on the bench have ideas as to who ought to be playing. And some of these kids with ideas aren't sure if the ball is blown up or stuffed. If you've coached 20 years and you love it and it's your life's work, do you have to explain yourself 15 different times to get something done?

"I know two coaches in this district who were undermined by their administrations. One ordered a player to get a shave and a haircut. He was told, 'Don't you dare do that or he'll quit.' The coach backed down. In Cleveland a college player sat down during the playing of the national anthem."

The coach involved in this incident was Ron (Buzz) Ellis of Adelbert College. Ellis suspended the unpatriotic player at halftime, noting that there are "no rules about standing for the national anthem, but no rules about dropping a player who doesn't do it, either." The suspension became a *cause célèbre*. Ellis, supported by his other players but attacked by the school paper and found in error by an investigating committee, has given up coaching.

"It boils down to two things," continues Cratsley. "One, will the coach run it or will the kids? Two, how important are the intangibles—discipline, attitude, sacrifice—rising against the odds?

"Athletics are the last stronghold of discipline on the campus. It may be that they are in a life-or-death struggle of their own. I read somewhere—I clipped it out—that the aim of the New Left is to replace the athlete with the hippie as the idol of kids. I don't know if it can be done, but it seems society is intent on destroying Horatio Alger Jr. The oddball is getting control. The good guy is outnumbered. America seems interested only in glorifying the loser."

Ray Hanlon is another victim of changing times. Until May, he was the track coach at Providence (R.I.) College. He is the intense, unrelenting type many athletes contend has gone out of style. His rules are strict, his discipline swift. He says he wants no "social butterflies" on his squads. His teams have won many championships, but Hanlon is more proud of the runners he has had who go on running for pleasure years after they leave school, particularly the eight who, after arriving at Providence with no particular goal in mind, went on to become doctors or lawyers.

Last December, Hanlon was in a dormitory room shared by four of his athletes for the purpose of removing a refrigerator he frowned upon—when, lo and behold, he discovered a television set. Television sets and studies don't mix, said Hanlon. He said the four track men could just as well watch TV in the lounge downstairs, and he removed the temptation, with the provision that they could reclaim it if they decided they didn't want to be on the track team.

Forced to choose between the TV set and running, the four athletes chose the TV set. Hanlon suspended them.

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Bob Nichols of Toledo



Ray Hanlon of Providence



Mel Cratsley of Point Park

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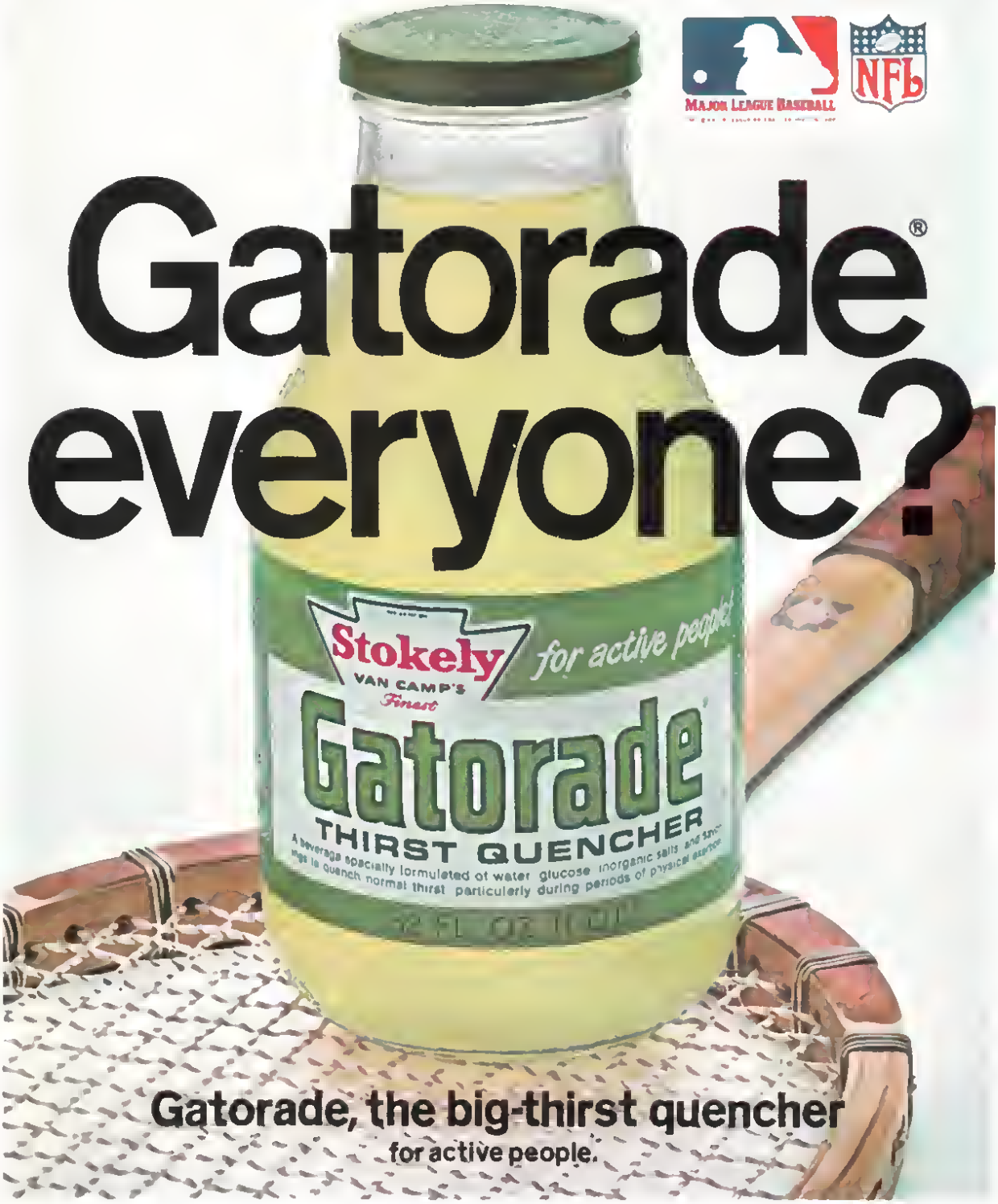
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The athletes responded with what Hanlon called "a temper tantrum." He said, "I took their set away, and they jumped up and down. They wanted me to come down to their Howdy Doody mentality, rather than coming up to my level of proficiency."

Other squad members, out of sympathy with the four, began dropping off the team, until by early January there was no track team left. The spring schedule had to be canceled. A Statement of Dissatisfaction was drawn up against Hanlon and signed by all 19 team members. Alarmed, the school president, the Very Rev. William Paul Haas, appointed a five-man advisory committee to study the situation. It recommended that Hanlon be retained, but for some reason the committee was overruled. Hanlon was fired.

With precedents such as these, it is no wonder coaches have been forced to back down, to eat their words. When two black members of the Purdue track team refused to shave their mustaches, Athletic Director Red Mackey suspended them, explaining that "Purdue has had a good-grooming rule for athletes for 20 years." A third Negro, a sympathetic teammate, who had already been suspended for disciplinary reasons, passed a remark that was interpreted as a bomb threat just prior to a team flight. He was arrested. Black students marched on City Hall in Lafayette, Ind. The charges against the bomb talker were dismissed. A few days later the other two athletes were reinstated—their mustaches intact. The Purdue coaches subsequently consulted with their respective teams and new good-grooming standards were drawn up.

In matters of race, there would seem to be no ground firm enough to stand on. At the University of Toledo last winter a black basketball player named Bob Miller, the team's leading scorer, showed up for practice on a Thursday afternoon when he was supposed to be in a political science class. His coach, Bob Nichols, spotted Miller as he came on the floor. Nichols asked Miller if he didn't have a class that day. (Miller had been in academic trouble.) Yes, said Miller. Then you'd better go, said Nichols. No, said Miller and walked off the court. Nichols suspended Miller the following day "for refusal to attend regularly scheduled classes." A blow for education? A coach who cared about a kid's studies? Isn't that the picture? Not at all, said the activists. It was an "infringement on the right" of a student to skip class.

The house fell on Coach Nichols. The BSU called for his dismissal and, while it was at it, asked the same of Football Coach and Athletic Director Frank Lauterbur and (please don't smile) Sports Information Director Max Gerber. Miller filed a suit with the Ohio Civil Rights Commission charging that his suspension violated the Public Accommodations Act. The commission ruled that the act did not apply to a basketball team and denied the suit, which was then dropped.

The questions to be answered were these. Does a coach have the right to order an athlete to attend class? Does a coach have the right to suspend an athlete who is on scholarship? Can a coach discipline disobedient athletes? Negro leaders on the Toledo campus said no to all three. When Toledo played Villanova, two of Toledo's black players refused to play. They were, however, back in uniform the next night—without punishment.

The 10-man Athletic Board of Control, a faculty-administration group, backed Nichols, if only faintheartedly. It said, in essence, it was really none of the coach's business if an athlete didn't attend class. But Lauterbur, a popular man around town (Toledo's football team was considered better than Ohio State's in 1967), laid it on the line. If Nichols were not supported in this, he, Lauterbur, would resign. "A lot of kids were shocked," Lauterbur said later. "They didn't think an adult would stand up and risk his all for a principle."

Toledo President Dr. William S. Carlson, after meeting with student leaders, chose to back Coach Nichols. Miller was never reinstated. Although he had complained that the decision cost him a professional career, he was drafted by Phoenix.

As a result of having their authority challenged, coaches have become reluctant to act, to step into situations they once handled with the backs of their hands. Several Minnesota black football players participated in a protest that resulted in $5,352 worth of damage to Morrill Hall, an administration building. Coach Murray Warmath said it was a "protest against the administration" and therefore out of his jurisdiction.

Frank Arnold, the freshman basketball coach at Oregon, ordered two of his players to trim their hair. They refused. The school president said Arnold was in the wrong. Arnold, chastened, acknowledged his error and rescinded the order. At Portland State the track coach told a freshman long jumper not to come to practice until he got a haircut. The student paper blasted the coach. The coach changed his mind.

When a University of Washington freshman basketball star, Paul Tillman, a Negro, was badly mauled by a black Oregon player and a group of Washington blacks outside the gymnasium at halftime of a varsity game in Seattle last winter, no disciplinary action was taken by either coach or either school. The issue there was race—Tillman had come to the defense of a white teammate over a roughing incident during the freshman game and had challenged the Oregon player.

Not only are many coaches reluctant to act in their accustomed manner, some are reluctant even to talk about acting. "Holy mackerel," said one coach at a Midwestern school. "No, sir, you don't get me opening my yap on any of this stuff. I can see it now. The day after SPORTS IL-

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LUSTRATED hits the stands, the SDS, the Afro-American Students Association and every other dissident group on this campus will be picketing my office. I don't think anyone in his right mind in athletics ought to do any commenting on the subject. Why don't you guys let things cool off for awhile?"

"No comment," said one prominent Southwest Conference football coach, adding, however, that almost every coach blames "outside factors," but that he himself didn't know how to solve the new problems. "Nobody does. The smartest minds in the world haven't come up with solutions. Any coach who thinks he has the answer is a damn fool."

Coaches who have not had serious difficulties hold their tongues lest they bring them on. "Man, when a boy's not giving you any trouble, you don't rattle the chain," says another Southwest Conference football coach. Others adopt a coolly detached pose. Cornell Basketball Coach Jerry Lace says, "I feel that what the student's activity might be off the basketball floor is his business, and right now I won't interfere." Lace says he thinks "the current problems will take care of themselves." He says it, he may even believe it, but he would never get Mel Cratsley or Ray Hanlon to agree.

UCLA Football Coach Tommy Prothro, 49, says that any assessment of the relations between coach and athlete has to take into consideration that "there has always been a generation gap. There was one when I was a boy, there was one when my daddy was a boy and when his daddy was a boy. But athletes have changed. You've changed. I've changed. The whole world has changed."

The raw material is not so very different. "The two big things on this campus and on every campus I've been on are sex and food," says Prothro. But the athlete's frame of reference has altered considerably. Drinking, for example, is now allowed by many coaches. (Some just look the other way.) At Virginia, a conservative school, two beers are permitted after a game. Dress is relaxed. Money is more available. Sex, too. And drugs. A boy is more aware. He can watch the war every night on the 6 o'clock news.

Scholarships are easier to come by, too. "When I played," says Athletic Director Joel Eaves of Georgia, "a kid would have cut off an ear to get an athletic scholarship—not to mention his hair. Now just about anybody who is warm and has a pulse rate can get a scholarship in some sport somewhere." And from the moment the outstanding athlete arrives on campus there is the unspoken understanding that he is majoring in professional sport. The pot is bigger than ever. He sees it waiting under the next goalpost and he aims to cash in.

Physically the college athlete is better than ever—bigger, faster, stronger—and most coaches agree that the great majority still find sport a meaningful experience, whether they become professionals or not. But being affluent, the athlete is often resistant and irreverent. Lacking discipline, he is sometimes a quitter. Lacking patience, he pushes for immediate and total independence.

The first manifestation of the change, coaches say, is the "why" in the player's vocabulary. Says Prothro: "It's no longer the autocratic society it was when I played, where a Bob Neyland or a Wallace Wade would just say, 'You do it because I say so.' Now you have to explain yourself. The logic behind it. The philosophy." To which Basketball Coach Bill Fitch of Minnesota adds: "It used to be, you tell a boy to show up for a trip with his shoes shined and he'd be up all night shining them. Now he wants to know why. He'll do it, but you have to give him a reason."

Athletes also think they have the coach's number. One black California football player began growing a natural, although the coach had a rule about long hair. As the player's hair got bushier, it became evident to him that the coach wasn't going to do anything about it. The player's hair got so bushy he had to change helmets. Eventually the biggest helmet was too small. The coach said the hair would have to be cut. The athlete said he couldn't understand why, since he could play just as well without a helmet. The coach explained that there were rules against playing without a helmet. The player said they would have to change the rules.

The starting center for the Missouri football team taxed Dan Devine's patience right up to the time the team went into training for the Gator Bowl last year. In September, the center, Con Rees, had showed up with longer hair than Devine permitted. Devine told him to get it cut. Rees did.

"I'M NOT CRITICAL OF THE KIDS; IT'S THE TIMES"

BRYANT: "Why do you pick a school if you think you're going to change it or break its rules as soon as you get there . . . ? You picked Alabama. You wanted to play here. You must have thought you liked the way we did things. Hell, you're not going to change me, I'm too old."

PROTHRO: "I would guess that half of the athletes have tried pot. I would guess 90% of the student body has. They've come from total dependence to total independence. The boys who are giving in you can spot. The long hair, not bathing, not caring."

but had it trimmed only a shade shorter than Devine stipulated. For the Gator Bowl trip, the Missouri players received new blazers and trousers to travel in and were requested to turn in their old ones. Everyone did but Rees. "I can't," he reportedly said. "I have to go to a Christmas party." In Florida, Rees came on the field with his jersey outside his pants. "Can you follow instructions for one more week?" the exasperated Devine asked him. Rees, a senior, replied, "I can—up to a point." Devine sent him home—all the way from Daytona Beach.

Quitting (or dropping out, copping out, flaking out, etc.) has become socially acceptable behavior to the new breed of college athlete. Tommy Prothro believes that most of today's college athletes will quit if they see they aren't going to make a splash or aren't going to play. Even starters have been known to quit and then talk as if they had performed a service. Edgar Lacy quit UCLA's NCAA championship basketball team 1½ years ago, claiming Coach John Wooden couldn't handle him. Lacy is black. Last year Don Saffer quit the UCLA team with a third championship in sight. He said Wooden didn't handle him properly. Saffer is white. This spring Bear Bryant lost an All-Conference middle guard, Sammy Gellerstedt. Gellerstedt told a friend that with all that studying and practicing he just wasn't having enough time of his own.

"Kids simply aren't as hungry as they used to be," Bryant says. "Paying the price doesn't mean as much because everything comes easy. Folks get more on relief today than my papa did working. You see it on the campus. No matter how poor they are, they all have cars. They don't think anything of quitting. I'm not being critical of the kids, it's the times. Other days you wouldn't know how to quit. You didn't think of quitting because you didn't have anyplace to go."

Only three pictures hang on the paneled walls of Bear Bryant's luxurious office: team pictures of the Crimson Tide's national champions—1961, 1964, 1965. Bryant brings recruits into his office and shows them the pictures. If there are any doubts of the image he wants or the goals he has, it is all right there: lean, hard, clean-cut young men, remarkable in their similarity, as if they were members of some great family who had gathered for a reunion. "If they see anything that looks like a hippie or a rebel in those pictures, they'll have to point it out to me," says Bryant.

To Bear Bryant, it boils down to this. "What do you go to a school for? Why do you pick a school if you think you're going to have to change it or break its rules as soon as you get there? I told a boy the other day—a boy I was disappointed with, the way he'd been easing around, skipping classes, missing practice—I said, 'You could have gone to any school in the country, as good as you were. But you picked Alabama. You wanted to play here. You must have thought you liked the way we did things. Hell, you're not going to change *me*, I'm too old.'

"You see it day to day, the pride a boy takes in himself and the things he does. The changes in him. Football doesn't mean as much to a kid today. Sacrificing doesn't mean as much."

Stripped bare, it is the willingness to quit that the coach fears most. The rationale of the dropout, such as it is, challenges the coach's *raison d'être*. When athletic rivalries don't mean as much, when loyalty to race or a social cause is more demanding than loyalty to a school and a team, when the virtues of discipline and hard work are made to appear suspect (and a little foolish), then the coach is faced with the ultimate threat: that the game he teaches may not be relevant.

continued



Football Coach Bear Bryant of Alabama



Football Coach Tommy Prothro of UCLA



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Such a conclusion may be valid, but it can never be accepted by a coach who must produce a winning team. Big-time college sport demands so much of the athlete he cannot become involved in other major activities. And for the most part coaches cannot reconcile themselves to their athletes' outside interests. They remember that in their day football was a way of life.

Nate Kirtman was a halfback for Coach John Ralston at Stanford in 1967. He seemed to have a bright future in football, but he found himself getting involved in the "social stream," "ghetto problems." Kirtman, a black, switched his studies from economics to sociology. He became a volunteer teacher of Negro high school students in the East Palo Alto slums.

In the spring of 1968 Kirtman told Coach Ralston he wouldn't be able to turn out because his "course work and obligation to the black community are more pressing." He wasn't bitter or mad at anybody. He said, "Coach Ralston and the team will decide if I play next fall."

That May, Kirtman was appointed to Stanford's Human Relations Commission, a student-faculty group that deals with allegations of discrimination. Fall came, and Kirtman was too busy to play football. He was now co-chairman of the BSU. "He's giving up a promising professional career," said Ralston, "but he feels deeply about his obligation. We had a long talk."

Ralston shrugged. He said it was "the trend" for students to concern themselves with worldly affairs and that more and more of his time as a coach was taken up by individual discussions, me-to-you straight-line stuff. "I talked with 100 boys, total concentration for more than 50 hours," Ralston said, "and that's not easy." He also said some of the things he learned were "astonishing."

Kirtman's conversion to a cause other than sport was relatively tranquil compared to that of Archie Chatman, who quit the San Fernando Valley State football team after he fractured his arm, and charged the athletic department with racism. Chatman organized the BSU at Valley and led the student revolt last year during which the then-head football coach, Sam Winningham, was held in the administration building at knife point. "We try to spread democracy," said Chatman once, addressing a rally. "What we are doing, we are spreading cancer. We are like leprous, syphilitic old men, and we are spreading our syphilis throughout the world."

Many coaches can rationalize away the Archie Chatmans and can sympathize with and sometimes even support the Nate Kirtmans. It is the sharp, talented, everything-going-for-him boy who suddenly veers completely away, as if to answer a call so high-pitched no one else can hear it, who really scares them. Coaches are combative people. They can cope with a situation when they know how to fight it. When there is no one to fight . . .

"He crossed the street to avoid meeting me," says Ray Willsey of a football player who became a flower child at the University of California. "He had gone from competitive athletics to the other extreme and he was afraid to face me. But I can't help it, I keep thinking about that boy, how it could have been my fault, too. That I might have let him down."

Two students who played football for Jim Owens at Washington are still on campus, haunting him with their presence. "Good boys," says Owens. "Intelligent, first-rate athletes. Now you see them and they're all the clichés—long dirty hair, slovenly, anti-war, anti-Establishment. It's frightening. One fellow played for me in 1968. He went so fast.

"I tried to reach these young men. I tried to appeal to their pride—and they had a lot of it at one time—but they are lost. I can fight the other problems—race, unrest, everything—but the indifference, the lack of interest. That's the real infection."

Tommy Prothro of UCLA has lost two players to drugs in the past four years. (One, a standout freshman, turned on and tuned out. He took up the guitar. He grew hair to his shoulders. He began going barefoot. He quit football. He quit school.) It is not a bad record in Los Angeles, where marijuana is available almost everywhere but Food Giant. Prothro counsels his players regularly on drugs. "I would guess," he says, "that half of them have probably tried pot. I would guess 90% of the student body probably has. They've come from total dependence to total independence. They want to be very worldly. The boys who are giving in you can spot. The long hair, not bathing, not caring."

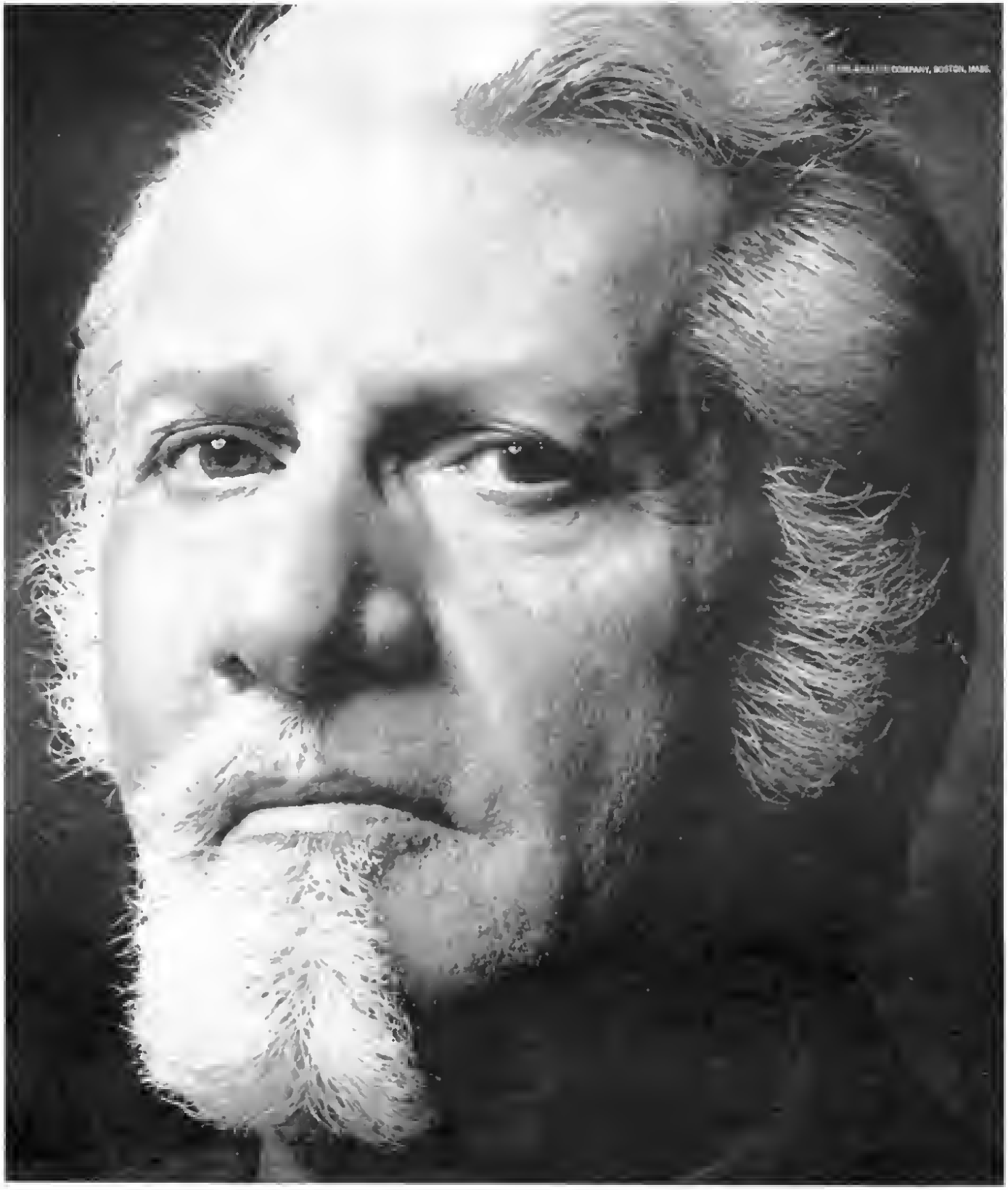
At Oregon State, Dee Andros was appalled by the son of an Air Force colonel. "Big and strong and just first-class in every way," Andros recalls. "He was the best linebacker we ever had on the freshman team. We assumed he would be the best on the varsity next season.

"This spring, at the time of the boycott, he marched into my office and told me he wasn't coming out. I couldn't believe it. It made me sick to see what I was seeing. He was wearing sandals. No socks. His hair was down to his shoulders. He had a long beard. It was hell for me. The kid just turned my stomach.

"He said, 'I still want my scholarship.' I said, 'Isn't that stealing, son?' He said, 'I've got it coming to me.' I recruited that boy thinking he was Jack Armstrong. I was wrong. He turned out to be a freethinker."

NEXT WEEK

Three case studies of big-time football coaches under siege. Bob Ward, an intense disciplinarian, was fired by the University of Maryland. Dee Andros, an amiable autocrat, has survived at Oregon State. Jim Owens compromised, and neither he nor Washington football have been the same.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARCHERY—HARDY WARD of the U.S. hit the target dead center with his last arrow to edge fellow American John Williams in the 25th World Archery Championships in Valley Forge, Pa. Ward and Williams also led the U.S. men to the team title and a record point total. Denmark was second and Great Britain third. Canada's MRS. DOROTHY LIDSTONE won the women's division, the U.S.S.R. took women's team honors.

FOOTBALL—While Buffalo's O. J. Simpson got most of the attention from press and public (*page 20*), Mel Farr, Altie Taylor and their DETROIT teammates defeated the Bills 24–12. Taylor, the Lion rookie whose second-half exploits revived the College All-Stars against the Jets, nearly stole the show by gaining 106 yards and scoring on a 48-yard run. NEW YORK of the AFL met New York of the NFL for the first time, and it was the Jets who earned the capital letters, knocking off the Giants 37-14. Playing before more than 70,000 fans in the Yale Bowl, the cocky Jets racked up a 17-point first quarter and were never threatened. Fullback Bill Mathis, who was with the Jets in their previous life as the Titans, scored two touchdowns for Joe Namath's side. Namath completed 14 of 16 passes. BALTIMORE escaped with a 33–29 victory over Houston when Earl Morrall passed 58 yards to Willie Richardson on the last play of the game. The Oilers had taken the lead on a field goal with just 37 seconds to play. NEW ORLEANS hung on while Denver Quarterback Steve Tensi tossed a pair of fourth-quarter TD passes to Mike Haffner and beat the Broncos 28–22. Tom Dempsey, a 285-pound placekicker, had field goals of 12, 49 and 54 yards for the Saints. Some large economy sizes were having happy days elsewhere, too. First, CLEVELAND's Dale Andrews, a linebacker, wrecked Los Angeles 10–3 with two interceptions, returning one 50 yards for a TD and setting up a field goal with the other. Then SAN DIEGO Linebacker Rick Redman rumbled 24 yards with an Oakland pass to give the Chargers a 10–7 win. CHICAGO rallied from a 9-3 halftime deficit and downed Green Bay. A 39-yard pass play from Jack Concannon to Dick Gordon gave the Bears the lead, and Mac Percival added three of his four field goals for a 19–9 final score. PHILADELPHIA gave Miami its third consecutive loss to an NFL club, beating the Dolphins 14–10 in the Orange Bowl. ST. LOUIS, with Chuck Latourette's 91-yard return of a blocked field goal leading the way, had a fairly easy time with Pittsburgh 27-13. KANSAS CITY didn't need Len Dawson in the second half to preserve its unbeaten preseason record as backup Quarterback Mike Livingston finished up the task of beating Cincinnati 23–7. ATLANTA Halfback Jim Butler scored on runs of one and 76 yards and the Falcon defense gave Boston fits in a wild 34–16 victory. The Patriots, trying to get back in the game with an onside kick, were victimized by Malcolm Snyder's 49-yard return for a touchdown. DALLAS dominated the second half against San Francisco, winning 20–17 after reserve Quarterback Steve Spurrier had made it close with a short TD pass, with 28 seconds left. The first-team 49er signal caller, John Brodie, threw three interceptions in the first half.

GOLF—RAY FLOYD sagged to a final-round 74 but still managed to win the PGA by a stroke over South Africa's Gary Player on Dayton's National Cash Register Country Club course (*page 24*).

CATHERINE LACOSTE of France became the first foreigner to win the U.S. Women's Amateur in 33 years by defeating Shelley Hamlin of Fresno, Calif. 3 and 2 (*page 54*).

HORSE RACING—In winning the 100th running of the $106,600 Travers at Saratoga by 6½ lengths, ARTS AND LETTERS equaled the track record of 2:01⅘ for a mile and a quarter (*page 16*).

SWIMMING—Double-medal winners were the rule at the National AAU outdoor swimming and diving championships in Louisville. GARY HALL of Long Beach, Calif. swam to three world records (200-meter backstroke and the 200- and 400-meter individual medleys). JIM HENRY of Bloomington, Ind. won the one- and three-meter diving titles.

TENNIS—Australia's MRS. MARGARET SMITH COURT scored a convincing 6–4, 6–4 singles victory over U.S. Open champ Virginia Wade of Great Britain to win the 70th Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championship in Haverford. CLIFF RICHEY of the U.S. saved some face for his country, beating Australia's Bob Carmichael 6–4, 7–9, 6–2, 6–4 for the men's title.

RUMANIA downed Britain 3–2 in the Davis Cup Interzone finals (*page 52*). The Rumanians will meet the U.S. Sept. 19-21 in Cleveland.

U.S. women regained the Wightman Cup from Great Britain, winning for the 34th time in 41 years. JULIE HELDMAN was the heroine in the 4–2 win, with singles victories over Virginia Wade and Winnie Shaw.

TRACK & FIELD—The U.S. men's team dominated the field events, sprints and relays in beating Great Britain 131–90 in a two-day meet in London. The American women barely lost 67–66 despite Willye White's best long jump of the year (20' 9¼"). In combined scoring the U.S. won 197–157.

BILL TOOMEY, Olympic decathlon champion from the U.S., set a world pentathlon record (4,123 points) in an invitational meet at London's Crystal Palace.

MILEPOSTS—SOLD. For the third time since 1964, the BOSTON CELTICS pro basketball's most successful team, by P. Ballantine and Sons Brewery for $6 million to Trans National Communications, Inc., which also owns the Oakland Seals ice-hockey team. The purchase price eclipsed the $5 million Jack Kent Cooke paid for the Los Angeles Lakers.

HIRED. As coach of the American Basketball Association's Pittsburgh Pipers, JOHN CLARK JR., after LSU's Press Maravich, father of Pete, turned down a long-term, high-paying contract offer. Clark, moving from St. Francis (Pa.) College, takes over the team that lost league MVP Connie Hawkins to Phoenix of the NBA.

OFFICIALLY HIRED. As Commissioner of Baseball, BOWIE KUHN, after serving in a pro tem capacity for six months. Said one official, "Actually it was more a matter of determining what he wanted than what we would want to give him." Kuhn wanted a seven-year pact worth more than $1 million, including a pension and other goodies, and he got it.

NAMED. GIL McDOUGALD, New York Yankee infielder from 1951-60, to the head baseball post at Fordham University, replacing Dan Rinaldo, who had been coach of the Rams for 11 years. McDougald played on eight Yankee pennant winners and was the first rookie to hit a grand-slam home run in a World Series game.

RETIRED. Jockey BILL BOLAND, who rode more than 2,000 winners and finished in the money nearly 6,000 times in 19 years, to become a trainer. As a 16-year-old apprentice, he won the 1950 Kentucky Derby aboard Middleground.

DIED. EDWARD BURKE, 74, a forward on the original Celtics basketball team of the 1920s and more recently a successful owner and breeder of Thoroughbred racehorses, in a New York hospital. Burke's High Tide Stable produced top stakes winners, including Dedicate, handicap champion of 1957, who once beat Gallant Man and Bold Ruler in the same race.

DIED. In a rest home in San Francisco WILLIAM F. COFFMAN, 86, founder and for 40 years the director of the annual East-West Shrine football game until his retirement in 1966.

CREDITS

4—Cover jacket photograph by Robert Riger from book published by Simon and Schuster. 20, 21—Neil Leifer. 22, 23—Heinz Kluetmeier. 24, 25—UPI (2) Ira Block. 26—Ira Block. 29—Martin Mills (Block Sterling). 51—from BRENDA STARR by Dale Messick, John D. Hanlon. 52, 53—Tony Triolo. 54—Wayne Wilson from Leviton Atlanta. 58, 59—courtesy The Chevrolet Sports Art Collection. 64—Ira Block. 71—University of Toledo, Providence Journal/John Leahey; 75—Leviton Atlanta, Charles Bonney LIFE. 78—Press Association Minneapolis Tribune.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TY MILITANO, 8, of Fairfield, Calif., recently enjoyed a day at the plate that would have broken two major league records. Playing in the recreation department's Pee Wee League, Ty led a rout with three grand-slam homers and a double for 14 RBIs.



JON ERIKSON, 14, of Chicago, made his way through schools of stinging jellyfish en route to becoming the youngest boy to swim the English Channel. Jon climbed out and called his dad, who holds the record for crossing from England to France and back.



BOB REITH JR., of Minneapolis, became the first golfer since 1938 to win the Minnesota PGA and Open titles in the same year. His record seven-under-par 64 on the first round helped him win the Open, and his 209 total for 54 holes was best by four strokes.



KATE McALISTER, 14, won the three-mile, to lead the Greater Lexington (Ky.) Swim Association to a third straight AAU senior women's long-distance title. A member of the club since 1961, she holds the state AAU 200-yard freestyle record for women.



LARRY McCARGO, a halfback out of Connellsville (Pa.) Area High School, warmed up for fall practice at Arizona by rushing for 146 yards and scoring a clinching touchdown in the West team's 28–13 victory in the Pennsylvania Schoolboy Football Classic.



PATTI BAKER, a high school senior in Oregon, Ohio, won the North American Novice Ladies' freestyle roller skating title in Little Rock. She has won more than 50 medals and trophies in regional and state competitions and earned good classroom marks.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Can I remember the last time we had three straight shutouts?" said Philadelphia (4-3) Pitching Coach Al Widmar. "I can't remember the last time we had three straight wins." With Richie Allen's absences, the recent resignation of Manager Bob Skinner and a 48-70 record, it has been a bleak summer for the Eastern Division's fifth-place team. But last week Widmar's pitching staff, the third worst in the league, brought in some sunshine. Jerry Johnson, Woody Fryman and Grant Jackson pitched the shutouts that startled their coach, and then Rick Wise gave him a real jolt by making it four in a row. In dealing all those zeroes the Phillies starters never allowed more than six hits in a game and, except when Jackson turned in a gutty 1–0 victory, they had ample support. In the other three wins the hitters scored at least six runs and hit two home runs a game. Chicago (4-2) had a pair of shutouts from Ferguson Jenkins as it opened up a 7½-game lead. The 6′ 5″, Canadian-born Cubs ace, who is headed for his third 20-win season since coming to the majors in 1965, allowed just nine hits while recording his 16th and 17th victories. After 71 days in second place New York (4-3) lost three straight games to the Astros and fell to third. A pair of four-hit victories by Tom Seaver and Jim McAndrew, both with relief help, quickly righted the Mets, and they slipped back ahead of St. Louis (4-2). The Cards, 17-6 since the All-Star break, have been boosted during their surge by the pitching of rookie Chuck Taylor. With a six-hit shutout last week, Taylor increased his record to 5-1. Nobody shut out Pittsburgh (3-2), mainly because Roberto Clemente is driving for his fifth batting title. With a .455 week, he raised his league-leading average to .358. Eastern Division tailender Montreal (3-4) took a hand in the other race by tagging the West's top team, Cincinnati (3-5), with three losses. Two Expo wins came in a doubleheader as rookie Third Baseman Coco Laboy went 4 for 7, drove in five runs and scored a pair. Three players who could not be blamed for the Reds' slump were picked up in off-season trades. Pitcher Jim Merritt, who came from the Twins, recorded his 13th victory, matching his best previous year. Bob Tolan and Wayne Granger, obtained from the Cards for Vada Pinson, also made good grades. Tolan returned from a two-week military hitch, went 5 for 6 and raised his average to .320. Reliever Granger took his team's only win over the Expos, pitching 4⅓ innings without allowing a run and increasing his scoreless streak to 21 innings. The Western race is now so tight that Houston (4-2) fell from second to fifth in one day. A three-game win streak, paced by Curt Blefary's nine RBIs, pushed the Astros briefly into the runner-up spot. "I've changed my bat against left-handed pitching," said Blefary. "I'm using a genuine Toy Cannon, King Finger, Ice Cream Man bat." "What he's saying," explained teammate Jim Wynn, "is that he's using my bat. Whatever it is, it has helped the first baseman, who claims, "I'm swinging like a man now instead of a 210-pound washerwoman." While the Astros yo-yoed between fifth and second and then back to fifth, Los Angeles (4-2), Atlanta (2-4) and San Francisco (3-3) frantically shuffled second, third and fourth places. The Dodgers took the runner-up spot at least temporarily as Maury Wills enjoyed a sparkling series in his first visit to Montreal since retiring from baseball [sic] in June. In a three-game sweep Wills overcame loud boos by driving in [illegible] scoring four more and hitting a fine home run. There was encouragement for the Giants too as Juan Marichal ended the longest losing streak of his career at four games. He reversed the trend with a four-hit shutout. San Diego (0-6) pitching allowed just 38 hits and 18 runs all week, but that was not good enough as the Padres batters averaged .196 and were shut out twice.

Standings—East: Chi 74 45, NY 66 51, StL 67 53, Phil 61 56, Phil 48 70, Mont 38 83. West: Cin 64 50, LA 65 53, SF 64 55, Hou 64 55, Atl 66 57, SD 35 85.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

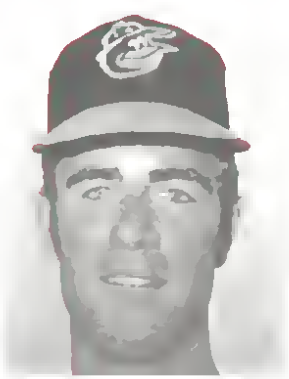
For Chicago (3-4) it has been a dismal year. Considered a dark horse for the Western Division pennant, the White Sox dropped out of contention in late June, skidded into the cellar three weeks ago and are now 25½ games from first place. With the crosstown Cubs rolling to a division title, Sox crowds have been minuscule and the cheers muted. The only bright spot has been the promising hitting of youngsters Bill Melton, Gail Hopkins and, best of all, Carlos May. May, an outfielder and the 21-year-old younger brother of Red slugger Lee, was a strong candidate for the Rookie of the Year. Selected to the All-Star team in July, May left for Marine reserve training two weeks ago with a .281 average, 18 homers and 62 RBIs. Then, on the mortar range at Camp Pendleton, Calif., the weapon he was cleaning fired and blew off the top half of his right thumb. Despite optimistic reports from a Navy hospital where he underwent surgery, there is no assurance that May, a left-handed hitter and right-handed thrower, will ever be able to play again. Oakland (3-3) dropped two games behind division leader Minnesota (3-2) despite a con-

continued

HIGHLIGHT

Oriole righthander Jim Palmer is not even a college graduate, but he sounds like an orthopedist when he discusses arm [illegible] and shoulder injuries. Palmer blithely talks of rotator muscles, Teflon needles, tendonitis and bursitis because he has come to know them well. Since 1966 when he became the youngest player ever to pitch a World Series shutout, the 23-year-old fastballer has endured a series of injuries that knocked him out of the majors for almost two years. Even though the 6′ 3″ 195-pounder was once considered the American League's most promising young pitcher, no one wanted him at the $25,000 waiver price last September, and Kansas City and Seattle passed him by in the expansion draft. The Orioles sent Palmer to pitch in Puerto Rico last winter, though, and with the help of an anti-inflammatory drug he returned to the Baltimore rotation this spring. He had a 7-1 record, when pop—his hip muscle separated. Palmer was on the disabled list 41 days before easing back into a starting spot. By last week he was blazing as he pitched his first big league no hitter, an 8-0 win over the A's. Despite that performance and the league's best ERA (1.77), Palmer remains leery.

"I'm reserved about success," he said. "I've had to come back about four or five times in the last two years because my arm's been hurt just about everywhere." If his latest revival is genuine, Baltimore should become even tougher. Led by Dave McNally (17-2), Mike Cuellar (16-9) and Tom Phoebus (12-4), its staff already tops the majors in ERA. Manager Earl Weaver's pitching is so solid he says his biggest worry is how to get enough work for tough long relievers Jim Hardin and Dave Leonhard.



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ple of heavy-hitting pitchers. Lew Krausse helped himself with a three-run blast as he pitched a four-hit shutout, and then Blue Moon Odom cracked a solo homer in a one-run A's victory. Both Twin losses came when ace lefthander Jim Kaat was bombed. Kaat pitched 14⅓ innings in his two starts, allowing 17 hits and 10 earned runs. Kansas City (3-3) and Seattle (2-4) continued their battle for third place. The Royals hit only .241, but still ended up with 86 base runners as opposing pitchers allowed 32 walks. The bases on balls resulted in 23 runs as the Royals edged within one-half game of third. The Pilots hit 24 points over their season's average, yet won only when they received tight, complete games from Diego Segui and George Brunet. California (3-3) found another name to add to its M Squad of Pitchers: Jim McGlothlin, Andy Messersmith and Tom Murphy. The new M is Rudy May, who is recovering after two years with a sore shoulder. Last week he pitched 18 innings, giving up six hits and one earned run. With Eastern Division-leading Baltimore (5-1) becoming even tougher (*see* HIGHLIGHT), there was already talk of postseason parties and World Series shares in the Orioles' clubhouse. After every victory "Judge" Frank Robinson dons a white mop wig and passes sentence on transgressors who committed errors during the game, missed a sign or talked to girls in the stands. The one-dollar fines go into the Orioles' postseason victory-party fund. One of the latest defendants was a reporter who arranged for a fishing boat for the Orioles to use on an off day. The boat sank before the outing could be held. The reporter argued that it was fortunate that it happened when the players were not aboard. "Naw," replied one player-prosecutor, "if it had sunk during the trip, the World Series checks would have been bigger for the guys who didn't go fishing." Verdict: guilty. Fine: one dollar. With Fritz Peterson pitching a six-hitter, New York (4-2) moved into fourth place ahead of Washington (2-4) after having trailed the Senators by as many as 5½ games only a few weeks ago. Boston (3-3) has dropped more than 20 games behind, but has found a bright hope for the future in 21-year-old rookie righthander Mike Nagy. He pitched two Sox wins last week, bringing his season's record to 8-2. Another rookie, Detroit's (3-3) Mike Kilkenny, looked as if he might have a bright future, too, after he threw a 10-strikeout three-hitter. Another Tiger win came on a shutout by Denny McLain, who leads the majors with 19 victories. Despite a 4-3-5 week by Tony Horton, Cleveland (2-4) needed a 12th-inning homer by Jose Cardenal to pick up one of its wins by a 2-1 score.

Standings—East: Balt 84-35, Det 67-51, Bos 63-56, NY 61-59, Wash 61-61, Clev 50-72. West: Minn 71-48, Oak 69-49, Sea 68-49, KC 48-70, Cal 46-69, Chi 46-74.



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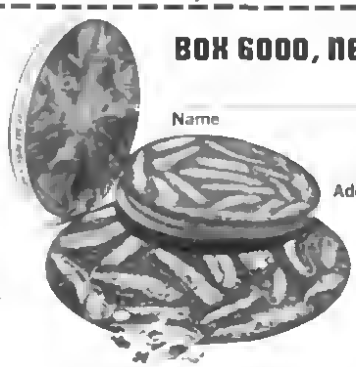
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHO'S AFRAID?

Sirs:

How could Joe Namath have won the College All-Star Game (*The Rookies Give It a Shot*, Aug. 11)? The official who made the bad call took a lot off Joe's shoulders. And how does Pat Putnam know Namath will be as good this year as he was last year?

MARC GIST

Midland, Texas

Sirs:

"Joe Is Back—But the Rookies Scare Him." That is a ridiculous headline for the cover of SI's Aug. 11 edition. I think Namath showed last season that he isn't afraid of very many veterans of pro football, much less a bunch of College All-Stars who have yet to play a game with any professional team. Pat Putnam's superb article showed that after a six-month layoff and only two weeks of training, Joe could still move the ball. Even after the six-month layoff, Joe still draws crowds, even if they are the type that clap when he is intercepted. But any way you look at it, 74,000 fans at a traditional "60-minute exercise of boredom" isn't bad.

I agree with Mr. Putnam's closing thought. Anyone who was pleased that Joe Namath didn't look as good as he did in the Super Bowl would be wise to check on him again when the season starts.

STAN SLONAKER

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Who says Joe Namath is afraid of the rookies? Namath is a pro in every sense of the word. He has been decked by everyone from Ben Davidson to George Webster—Namath and company have beaten better defensive backs than Jim Marsalis, too. Do the rookies really scare Joe Namath? No, and neither do the veterans. Maybe, just maybe, Pete Rozelle does.

MIKE JACKSON

Montgomery, Ala.

WORDS AND DEEDS

Sirs:

To be able to travel across Scotland, starting on the West Coast—visiting Heather, Whin, Bracken & Broom on the way—and ending up on the East Coast in The Old Course Hotel overlooking the Valley of Sin and The Road Hole was a most memorable vicarious experience.

Dan Jenkins' feature, *You'll Not Do That Here, Laddie* (Aug. 11), was in my opinion the finest single presentation that has ever graced the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Thank you very much.

WILLIAM M. JONES, D.D.S.

Twin Falls, Idaho

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' story about his playing the six Scottish golf courses was most interesting to me, for I have also played them all and came away with the same feelings he expressed.

His mention of Peter Neil, his caddie at Troon, brought back memories of my having Peter caddie for me in 1962, the week following the Open. Peter informed me on the 11th tee that Jack Nicklaus had taken a 10 the previous week and that he would have me par the hole with no questions from me as to club selection. Using a four-iron from the tee, I arrived on the green in 3, then holed a 10′ putt for a very proud 4. Peter signed my card then and there and told me to bring it home so that I could brag about the feat, which, of course, I have done ever since.

Those Scottish caddies are without doubt the best ever.

S. T. MUNHALL

Amarillo, Texas

Sirs:

Having made the same trek, save Muirfield, as Mr. Jenkins, I can attest to the validity of his reporting of the courses and of the emotions they arouse. Golf, in Scotland, is unlike golf anywhere else in the world. It is golf.

It is a function of writers to provide the unknowing with the words for the feelings they have but can't express. Mr. Jenkins does it admirably.

F. MORAISSEY

Arlington, Va.

PITCHERS AND PINCH HITTERS

Sirs:

For my part, I would not appreciate William Leggett's prescription for baseball—the Designated Hitter (*Rx: A DH Factor for Baseball Ills*, Aug. 11). Part of the game's fascination for me comes from the balance of individuals created by the fact that each player is forced to field and hit. The shortstop is less important, relatively, than the outfielder at the plate, because the opposite is true in the field. This equality breaks down slightly with the pitcher, since he dominates the defense on any given day. The pitcher is reduced to normal size only because he cannot play every game and because, when he does play, he is an offensive weakness. The pitcher problem does not bother me, though, nearly as much as the idea of the Designated Hitter. This will develop a new breed of men who will never have to learn a defensive skill: the platooned hitters. Besides, to see a pitcher hit well is a little extra thrill. I remember very well the day Tony Cloninger hit two grand-slam homers, the only National Leaguer ever to do it.

Obviously, we could have higher quality baseball by having nine hitters who never fielded and nine fielders who never came to bat—but I don't like it.

JOHN AGER Jr.

Fairview, N.C.

Sirs:

I must disagree. Baseball was made for the all-round player, not for specialists as in football. In basketball the best foul shooter does not take all the foul shots. Likewise, the weak-hitting pitcher should not be replaced, but should take his turn at bat just like everyone else. A player should play the whole game of baseball, not just half of it.

DONALD BAICHTA

Long Island City, N.Y.

Sirs:

Ted Williams once said, "If I were a manager, my pitchers would get hitting practice. And my hitters would get *plenty* of hitting practice" (SI, July 8, 1968). This is a realistic view by a knowledgeable fellow.

JIM SHEVLIN

Chicago

Sirs:

In regard to the International League's Designated Hitter experiment, I would like to offer a somewhat different idea with the same goal: more offense. Instead of replacing the pitcher at the plate, why not eliminate the pitcher completely from the batting order? The eight regulars would then hit in rotation. This would allow the likes of a Willie McCovey or a Frank Howard to thrill the fans by coming to bat up to 15% more often.

LLOYD V. MCKINNEY Jr.

Springfield, Mo.

Sirs:

Your article on the Designated Hitter in the International League, *Rx for Baseball Ills*, reminds me that it is also being tried in the American Association, where the official box score title is Designated Pinch Hitter (DPH). As in the International League, it is popular. There are more complete games by pitchers, who are removed only if they are ineffective on the mound, and more solid hitting.

But unlike the practice in the International, where the Designated Hitter takes the pitcher's ninth batting slot, American Association managers are getting the good hitters up in the batting order. On a typical night (Friday, Aug. 8) the six teams used the DPH in the following slots: third (Tulsa), second (Omaha), seventh (Oklahoma

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City), fifth (Indianapolis) and cleanup (Denver). The DPH's combined production in four games (one doubleheader) was 23 at bats, 11 hits and eight runs batted in. Compare that with what the pitchers would have produced and you can see why the fans like the change.

HOLLIS LIMPRECHT

Omaha

BASEBALL—LOVING RED SPRINGS

Sirs:

It was with great pride and excitement that we in Red Springs awaited the article on baseball in our town (*A Bonanza in Red Springs*, July 28). However, after reading the article we were disappointed in the image of our community that Peter Carry portrayed to his readers. Red Springs, though located in a highly rural area, is not, as he implied, lacking in educated people. The average level of education attainment is higher than in North Carolina generally, even including the state's urban areas. This is due primarily to the existence of Flora Macdonald College in the community from 1896 until 1961, when it merged with Presbyterian Junior College in Maxton. In 1964 Vardell Hall, a junior college and preparatory school, was opened on the Flora Macdonald campus and has been contributing to the cultural life of the community since.

The town maintains three playgrounds throughout the community during the summer months. Each has facilities for tennis, badminton, box hockey, basketball, table tennis and other games. Bowling, golf, swimming and fishing are all available within a short drive from Red Springs. Red Springs has a long history of being a baseball-loving community. We hope the players, their families and management will come to appreciate the friendly, easygoing life of the community, and view it as a welcome change from the hustle and bustle of the city to which most of them are accustomed.

W. RAY LITES
President
Red Springs Chamber of Commerce
Red Springs, N.C.

CONGRESS AND DRUGS

Sirs:

In reference to your recent series by Bil Gilbert on drug use in sports (*Problems in a Turned-on World*, June 23 *et seq.*), Senator Harrison A. Williams Jr., a Democrat from New Jersey, has called on the Nixon administration for a plan of action against the use of drugs by athletes. How's that for fast action?

JERRY LEMAY

Buena Park, Calif.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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